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HISTORY

New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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TORY REVOLT
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★

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A Letter on the Press

★

UNIVERSITIES
FOR TOMORROW
Asa Briggs
W. H. G. Armytage
Sir Eric Ashby
J. Gwyn Morgan
Reyner Banham

Blackball the Devil?

NEXT week's meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers will inevitably be dominated by the question of South Africa's membership. A single blackball would probably suffice to exclude her. The simple question is whether the presence in a multi-racial Commonwealth of a state which permanently, and of principle, relegates the majority of its citizens to a second-class status because of their skin-colour is an absolute contradiction, which must be resolved forthwith by exclusion.

Certainly, the moral and logical case against South African membership can be met only if the practical arguments for continuing it are overwhelming. Are they? Some of them were re-stated this week by the Archbishop of Capetown, a man whose record of opposition to *apartheid* is unimpeachable, and who speaks on this issue with great authority. He believes that many whites in the Union are already working for what he terms a 'change of heart' and that, provided Commonwealth membership is retained, there is a real possibility that Nationalist policies will be reversed. Secondly, he maintains that the 'vast majority' of the coloured population would feel themselves 'completely forgotten' if the 'moral pressure' which the Commonwealth can provide were withdrawn.

The Archbishop might have mentioned two further practical points which support his case. Commonwealth citizenship at present provides a slender escape-route for South Africans, both white and coloured, who face persecution. Further, the British South African protectorates, which are economically dependent on the Union for work, might face starvation if the Commonwealth link were snapped and the frontiers closed. These two last points need raise no great difficulty. If the Union is excluded, joint citizenship can still be maintained, as in the case of Ireland. And Britain, which has direct responsibility for the protectorates, can and must ensure their survival, if necessary by direct economic assistance.

More serious is the Archbishop's plea that white opinion in the Union is changing. Indeed, as a prelude to the conference, Dr Verwoerd himself has sought to give an impression of flexibility. But he has shown not the slightest sign of retracting any of his basic principles. On the contrary, as a Special Correspondent points out on another page, he may well use a victory in London to hold an election this autumn, both to consolidate the grip of his extremist faction on the government, and, in conjunction with the United Party, to eliminate the Progressives – the one white group which supports democratic rights for Africans. Under the existing constitution, the liberal element, however anxious, is impotent, and likely to remain so. In the past, 'moral pressure' has failed to deter the Nationalists. What guarantee is there that it will succeed in the future?

The Archbishop's claim that Africans oppose exclusion is still less substantial. On his own admission it is based purely on personal contacts. Since the non-whites have no official means of making their feelings known, it is impossible to be certain what they think. All we can say is that every non-white South African organisation which supports equal rights for all races is unanimous and emphatic in urging exclusion. In the absence of stricter proof, this must suffice.

The practical arguments against exclusion are therefore highly debatable. Hence the moral principle must prevail. But who is to cast the blackball? The Afro-Asian members, some of whom have their own unsavoury internal problems, would like to see Mr Diefenbaker lead the pack. But if he declines, they must perform the duty themselves. They will not retain the respect of liberal opinion anywhere if they show themselves willing to sacrifice, for political expediency, the essential principle on which their own independence is based. Perhaps the best solution would be for the meeting to draw up in specific terms the principles, including the absolute equality of race, on which the Commonwealth is based. Dr Verwoerd could then be asked to endorse them – or depart.

Comments on the Week's News

Labour Party

At It Again

Once again the Labour Party is split wide open on defence – this time over an almost non-existent issue. To appreciate the full tragedy it is worth examining in detail the stages of the present dispute. The story has come out in instalments. Mr Crossman first said that Mr Cousins in the proceedings of the drafting committee of the party's defence policy had been prepared to accept the Crossman draft, and that a working compromise between the moderate unilateralists and the multilateralists had been wrecked by Mr Gaitskell's obstinacy. To that Gaitskell's friends replied, first, that Gaitskell was not personally responsible – seven other members of the drafting committee shared his view; and secondly, that in any case Cousins had not shown willingness in the drafting committee to support the Crossman draft at points where US bases and nuclear weapons were concerned. To that, Cousins replied that Crossman's account was correct and that he was in fact prepared to accept the substance of the Crossman draft provided Gaitskell would do the same. Mr Gaitskell and his seven supporters then retorted that, if this was indeed Cousins's attitude, he had not previously revealed it. Finally, Crossman has reaffirmed the accuracy of his original statement and has repeated his view that unity on defence is within reach, if Gaitskell wants it, and has reminded the party that the matter will have to be settled by the sovereign voice of the conference next October.

So Labour seems set for another six months of internal squabbling and manoeuvring, ending once again in pitched battle at the conference. Can anything be done to stop it? The crux of the matter is Cousins. Will he? Won't he? Suppose Crossman is mistaken in believing (as he does) that Cousins made his position perfectly clear during the proceedings of the committee; suppose Gaitskell's supporters are right in saying that Cousins agreed to compromise only after the split became public. Either way Cousins is now stuck with a public commitment to give broad support to a defence policy which would reaffirm British membership of Nato; would not insist on the immediate withdrawal of US bases (though it would work in that direction); would not demand the dismantling of Nato's tactical nuclear armament (though it would promise not to use nuclear weapons first); would not demand as the price of alliance that the US should abandon the main nuclear deterrent until the Russians do the same. Cousins, in other words, has agreed to accept a policy which is only marginally different from Gaitskell's. But he has been dragged by the need for party unity into this position which differs significantly from his personal convictions, and he will go no further. Exactly when he arrived there is immaterial. Why should Gaitskell not even now take half a pace to meet him, and so achieve a defence policy which is a viable compromise and which, with his endorsement, would be supported by all but a handful of extremists?

In default of a full explanation from Gaitskell, one can see no answer except that he is more afraid of the consequences of unity with Cousins and Michael Foot than those of disunity without them; that he feels any compromise at this stage with the more moderate unilateralists would be a damaging blow to prestige. Yet however sincerely Gaitskell may hold that compromise would be dishonourable, by next October the alternative will be worse. It is practically certain that, if a resolution on the lines of the Crossman draft is available, the conference will overwhelmingly support it. If on the other hand the platform manages to deny that opportunity, it is difficult to believe that the conference will not prefer Cousins's policy – unsatisfactory though in some respects it still is – to Gaitskell's, and probably by a bigger majority than this year. Either way Gaitskell faces personal defeat. Surely self-interest as well as the need for party unity will suggest to him that victory in a half-way house is better than defeat on an issue which no longer has any meaning except as a prestige symbol.

Kenya

After the Vote

A Special Correspondent writes: The Kenya African National Union has emerged from the elections as Kenya's strongest African party and will undoubtedly form the basis of the next government. The new constitution is purposely flexible to allow the African parties and the Governor the maximum scope for manoeuvring in their efforts to form a stable and popular government. But there are difficulties. First the Kenyatta question. The KANU General Council has passed repeated resolutions declaring that the party will not take any part in government unless Kenyatta is unconditionally released and allowed to become Chief Minister. This pledge was reiterated by Tom Mboya, James Gichuru, Dr Kiano and Mr Oginga Odinga in their electoral campaign.

The African leaders' demand is still resisted by the Governor. True to the spirit of the Lancaster House conference, he wants the KANU leaders to form a new government, while the KANU leaders are keen to accept ministries in a Legislative Council where they have majority African support. A compromise may be achieved now the Governor has agreed to release Kenyatta from his desert prison at Lodwar and to move him into more congenial surroundings. Kenyatta will be allowed to see his people and consult with the African members, even without an alteration of the law to allow him to enter the Legislative Council or to become Chief Minister. KANU leaders have broken many pledges about Kenyatta in recent months. Their current pledge is more definite, but they might be prepared to enter government following the agreement for partial release.

Once the Kenyatta issue is solved, the most interesting problem is whether or not the KANU leaders can overcome their internal differences. They met in head-on battles during the election campaign – speaking on rival platforms, accusing one another of Communism, of tribalism and of alliance with the 'western imperialists'. Mboya and Gichuru stood together, while Kiano showed his sympathies were with Oginga Odinga; but when the votes were cast, each of them recorded a vast majority in his own constituency. Mboya is perhaps the least likely to be shaken in his promise not to cooperate with the government until Kenyatta is Chief Minister. In the past he has consistently refused to join the government and he strongly resisted the Governor's attempt to get him into the caretaker government after the Lancaster House conference. But now that he sees the bulk of power has gone to the Africans in the Legislative Council, he is anxious to play a full part. No African member could make a better job of a tough ministry, but the other African elected members have found him a difficult colleague to work with, and most of them, with the notable exception of Gichuru, ganged up against him in the election. His sweeping electoral victory against Dr Waiyaki, who was sponsored by Oginga Odinga, has strengthened his position, but it has not eliminated anti-Mboya conspiracy from the corridors of the Legislative Council.

Johannesburg

Verwoerd's Best Behaviour

A Special Correspondent writes: A provincial council by-election in Cape Town has shown the Progressive Party that even a well-diluted liberalism is unacceptable to the white electorate in the country's most tolerant city. The United Party took care to swell its inevitable majority with the final slogan of 'a vote for the Progressives is a vote for Luthuli' (the banned leader of the banned African National Congress).

This indication of the unchanging temper of the electorate may well encourage Dr Verwoerd's half-formed plan to hold a general election late this year, although he can stay in office for another two-and-a-half years. The minor purpose of an election would be to allow the United Party to reclaim the ten seats which were held in parliament by the Progressives when they broke away, and so silence the last sane voices in

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the House of Assembly. The major purpose would be to enable Dr Verwoerd to consolidate his grip on his own party machine.

It suits Verwoerd's book at present to give the impression abroad that his policies are perhaps more flexible than they are in fact. He is counting on remaining within the Commonwealth and, if he does, he will have enhanced his prospects of winning a grand slam in an October election. These considerations explain the recent tendency to relax (but not to repeal) a few laws. The pass laws have not yet been enforced against African women; the bill to bring tribalism to town through new 'urban Bantu authorities and courts' has again been postponed; the first anniversary of Sharpeville this month hears the promise that some compensation 'will be considered' for some of the victims and their dependants, though the courts are to be forbidden to hear their claims. And the new censorship bill has been shelved – on the ground that the existing laws are strict enough.

Although African resistance has been reduced to a low level, it is not broken. Africans are heartened by the ferment in the neighbouring territories of Rhodesia and Angola. What may turn out to be the most disturbing new factor in the current situation is the anxiety of the gold mines in the face of the threat from the African states to stop the migration of tropical labour to the Rand. Two-thirds of the huge army of nearly 400,000 unskilled workers are recruited outside the Union, a proportion that has risen steadily since 1940. If this source of supply is seriously curtailed, especially in Mozambique, the economy of this country will face its greatest crisis.

The Press

Commissioners Extraordinary

The best thing that can be said of the five-man Royal Commission, which Sir Hartley Shawcross is to lead, is that it is small enough to conduct a swift and effective inquiry and that all its members are most competent to investigate the economics of the press world. That is its primary task, if it is to unravel the complex structure of press ownership and finance, to study the techniques of production and the roles of management and the unions, and to propose any useful means of arresting the onrush of monopoly. For newspaper and magazine publication has become a big business, in which the manipulations of accountants have become far more important than the nature of the product from which the industry makes its profits.

But the public interest is not the profits, but the preservation of a free and healthy press. And though the Commission's terms of reference instruct it to consider this interest, its competence in this respect is much less impressive. Not one of its able members has any personal experience of the press, and its secretaries come respectively from the Home Office and the Inland Revenue. How then are its members to be sure that they will even come to terms with the right problems? And what criteria will they use for judging the public interest?

These are not crabbing questions: they go to the heart of the matter. While no one can ensure ways of keeping a paper alive that the public does not wish to buy, the Commission should recognise that one of its most urgent tasks is to devise means of preserving papers that the public is willing to pay for in substantial numbers, but the accountants (or proprietors) wish to close down. These may range from newspapers with circulations as large as the *News Chronicle* and the *Daily Herald*, through magazines such as *Picture Post* and *Lilliput*, to smaller but specialised journals. This is where the death-rate has been tragically and unnecessarily high.

The Law

The Judges Judged

It must be a very long time since an official body has uttered any breath of criticism of the English judges. The Streatfeild Committee on the Business of the Criminal Courts, reproaching them for their attitude towards criminology, asks them now to conform to a penal policy concerned less with the commission of the crime and more with the future of the convicted man. The tenor of this most valuable report published last Tuesday is that sentencing is an administrative act, unsuitable for performance in a judicial forum. The trial court sees the accused man under distressing and abnormal conditions, heightened by the carefully dramatised effect of an English courtroom. It is only to be expected that the judges should have a limited vision of the nature and real purpose of punishment, and mete out sentences which reflect merely the culpability of the offenders.

Under the new proposals, probation officers will give the judges the expert guidance that is in some countries placed before a 'penal administrator' charged with the sole duty of determining length of sentence. If this is done, there is no reason why the act of sentencing should be removed from the courts – there is indeed great merit in pronouncing sentence immediately after conviction. It is now up to the judges, most of whom have lagged behind in matters of penology, to fall into step as penal administrators, beginning – as the Streatfeild Report now recommends – by familiarising themselves with what goes on at the prisons, borstals, and detention centres which so few of them have ever visited.

The Maghreb

Crisis in Morocco

Our Paris Correspondent writes: While M. Bourguiba concluded his apparently successful talks with General de Gaulle in Paris, the sudden death of King Mohammed V added a new and unpredictable element to the North African crisis. The King's massive authority within the country sprang from the role he had played in the struggle for freedom. Thanks to this he had been able to act as arbitrator in the internal political struggles which, on several occasions since independence, threatened Morocco with virtual civil war. His successor, the young King Hassan, has neither his father's prestige nor his past. Indeed he is actively disliked in some Moroccan political circles.

The fact is, Morocco has stagnated since independence. The Istiqlal party which played the decisive role in ending the French protectorate is now split into two warring factions. The left wing, led by Ben Barka, has formed the Union Nationale des Forces Populaires, which demands a constitutional monarchy on English lines, and advanced social reforms. It is backed up by the Union Marocain du Travail. The right wing is still led by Allal El Fassi, the President of Istiqlal, who has spent many years in exile in Cairo but who still upholds the traditional powers of the throne. The palace obviously sympathises with El Fassi, but the growth of the left-wing opposition forced King Mohammed to take charge of the government himself and to operate a leftish foreign policy.

Hence, after having carried out a pro-western policy ever since liberation, Rabat has recently swung towards neutralism. Indeed, this January it even organised at Casablanca a conference of the ultra-nationalist African states. The change in Moroccan policy has affected the Congo also. Last year, Moroccan troops in the UN force played a decisive role in sweeping Colonel Mobutu to power. But after the Casablanca conference, the King refused Mr Hammarskjold's request that General Kittani, the Moroccan Commander, should replace General Van Horn as the UN Commander-in-Chief. He followed this by ordering the withdrawal of all Moroccan troops. Last month, Mr Breznev, the Soviet President, was received with full honours in Rabat, while at the same time the first deliveries of 14 Soviet jet fighters were unloaded in Casablanca.

This swing to the East has not so far led to a break with the United States. While the Soviet President was still in Rabat, the King signed a decree granting favourable investment terms to a group of US capitalists. But in all probability the King was the only man in Morocco who could have walked such a narrow diplomatic tightrope. His son has no such freedom of manoeuvre and he will plainly have to align himself with one or other of the forces which are struggling to control the country.

Laos

The Plan that Misfired

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes*: President Kennedy's first intervention in Laos has confused a situation already obscured by months of cold-war diplomacy. American emphasis has changed from a military policy to a political, indeed to the only practicable solution – a neutral zone. But the Kennedy plan of a neutral commission, composed of Cambodia, Burma and Malaya, with no reference to the International Commission or the revival of the 1954 Conference, was doomed to failure. The Pathet Lao charge that the King supported it 'under duress' from the American embassy may not be strictly true, but collusion was obvious. The more serious charge is that the Kennedy-Savang Vatthana plan was aimed at the back-door recognition of Boun Oum's government, and it was surely unnecessary for the British government, still patiently supporting the International Commission to endorse it. The Cambodian Prime Minister has refused to have anything to do with such a commission. He told President Kennedy that it would imply the recognition of Boun Oum's government. Meanwhile, Prince Souvanna Phouma, without whose co-operation there could be no neutral Laos, has left his exile in Cambodia and held a conference with Prince Souphanouvong in Xieng Khouang, a central province held by the Pathet Lao troops. Their joint communiqué strongly condemns the West. For the moment, it seems that President Kennedy's plan, which would have by-passed the International Commission and the revival of the 1954 Conference, has actually made both these essential if civil war in Laos is to be ended and the country's neutrality achieved.

Westminster

Slapped with a Wet Fish

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes*: The Labour Party should have its head examined. This is no longer a case for Emergency Ward Ten. Psychiatry, even Broadmoor, is now called for.

Consider its behaviour in the past week. The government's defence policy is in ruins. In the debate on the defence White Paper, Labour turns on the full blast. Front and back benches work as a team, with Mr Denis Healey getting approving nods from Mr Richard Crossman, Crossman getting approving nods from Mr Christopher Mayhew and all three getting approving nods from Mr George Brown. At the end Watkinson is left naked and ridiculous. Little of this gets through to the general public, however, because the Labour leadership has chosen this moment to have an internal row. Few know what the row is about; and even those who have troubled to read the Healey and the Crossman documents, and have then read the defence debate in Hansard, may still be puzzled. So instead of saying 'the government's in a mess', they say 'Labour's at it again'.

What makes this all the less excusable is that Labour had just come together again as a fighting force. Its all-out assault on Mr Enoch Powell's Health Service charges has been conducted with tenacity and skill and has, I should judge, impressed the public with the meaning of the word opposition. True, the newspapers have tended to highlight stories about sleepy Conservatives turning the interview rooms into a refugee camp, or about methods of telling a member's politics by the colour of his braces. But from behind the high jinks, one serious point has emerged – that Labour is no longer a token opposition, making routine noises throughout the day and going through the routine motions at ten o'clock in the evening, but is attacking all along the line.

There are dangers in such tactics. The public fully understands the attack on the health charges but is less sure what is happening when it sees Labour keeping the House up all night on the White Fish Bill. Is not this obstruction rather than opposition? Yet even obstruction, deftly used, is both a legitimate and sometimes desirable parliamentary weapon. If Mr Harold Lever, by debating the potentiality of the *Queen Mary* as a fishing trawler or the question of whether Zanzibar is or is not a port, can help to hold up routine government business until the pipeline is choked, he puts his party leaders into a bargaining position which mere votes in the lobby would never give them. A few years ago, by these tactics, Mr George Wigg, almost single-handed, compelled the government, despite its large majority, to launch a long-delayed and much needed revision of the Army Act. It is possible that now Labour's guerrillas may compel the government to modify some of the more objectionable features of its health proposals.

These 'obstructive' tactics, too, have other important by-products. Many good parliamentarians have protested in recent years that the House of Commons is voting millions of pounds to the government 'on the nod' – without even discussing how or why the money is to be used – and that important legislation is often no more than glanced at. Now that the opposition has turned on the heat, every line in every bill is scrutinised and some surprising things are being unearthed. It may not be all that important that the government writes the word 'sums' into a bill when it means 'sum'. It is important to discover that parliamentary draughtsmen are, by custom, using words and phrases in bills which have not been authorised by the government and are even objectionable to a large section of the House as a whole. It is more important still that, at five o'clock in the morning, a harrying opposition can at last elicit from Sir Edward Boyle the first clear admission that the government is using the Health Service as a means of taxation.

Labour, as I say, has flung itself enthusiastically if belatedly into its rightful role of opposition. Now its leaders have slapped back-benchers across the face with the wet fish of defence. If the 12 men of the drafting committee are to be considered 'wise', I would prefer to trust our future to the inmates of Colney Hatch.

The Next Social Revolution

Britain is on the verge of a social revolution that is comparable only to the changes wrought by industrial development, the spread of public welfare and the establishment of universal education in the years after 1870. It is a revolution that will make far-reaching demands on our educational system, already over-burdened and inadequate; and, unless we at once begin to make drastic reforms, the system will not take the strain.

Its cause is simple, even if we do not yet appreciate its extent. Each year an increasing number of boys and girls stay on to the upper forms of secondary schools; and each year a larger proportion of them will seek places in some form of higher education. More and longer education is what they and their parents want, and since we are a nation seeking to expand our economy and raise our living standards, it is what we must strive to give them.

This much is now taken for granted. There are today about 170,000 students in all types of higher education – 110,000 of these are at universities, 30,000 are training to be teachers, and another 30,000 are in technical and special colleges. This is about six per cent of all young men and woman in the relevant age-groups. By 1970, the total is expected to be over 270,000, or about nine per cent of the population in these age-groups.

But, as Mr John Vaizey (of the Institute of Education at London University) rightly insists, this estimate is almost certainly too low. At the present time Britain lags behind even France and West Germany in the proportion of young people getting advanced education, and much further behind Canada and the United States, where the percentage of the age-groups concerned is 20 and 30 respectively. In the next decade the British figures ought to move upwards towards those of other advanced countries – though Germany plans for 300,000 students by 1970, and France expects 500,000. It will be a hard pull to catch up.

This is not something that can be left to chance, or even to haphazard attempts to cope with the flood of aspirants for higher education. That way lie waste and confusion. Nor is it a problem that the universities, loosely co-ordinated by the University Grants Committee, can deal with on their own. Their prospects must be discussed in the context of higher education as a whole, and such a discussion must be comprehensive and imaginative. For this reason a heavy responsibility falls on the committee which, under the chairmanship of Lord Robbins, has been set up to examine the scope and purpose of higher education. It has to decide how far and how fast the process of expansion should go, what changes this involves in our traditional pattern of higher education, and how its component parts can best be welded together to make a coherent but flexible system.

For it is difficult to see how anyone can conduct such an inquiry without realising that all the problems of expansion now being canvassed in the universities point directly to the need for an integrated system. Some of these problems are raised by distinguished contributors in a special supplement on later pages, and others were the subject of the conference sponsored by the Gulbenkian Foundation which is reported at length in the current *Universities Quarterly*.

The difficulties involved are formidable. There is the need to find a balance between the arts and sciences, between teaching and research, between residential and non-residential universities, between male and female students, and between students from different types of school and family background. All of these involve complex educational, social and financial equations, which can be solved only by some kind of central planning. There is also the need to devise new courses that will match the changes both in the student body and in the society in which these students must live and work when they have graduated. While the separate universities must be left free to experiment and to offer a variety of techniques and courses, they must be asked to do this within the framework of a general plan. We cannot hope that the sum of their individual aspirations will be big enough.

Such a plan, moreover, must seek to break down some of the arbitrary distinctions of prestige and purpose between the universities, which offer a 'general' education leading to a degree, and the 'vocational' colleges, which at present train the diploma élite. It is the task of the Robbins Committee to find ways in which this can be done.

The UGC is responsible for only a part of higher education, the remainder of the present system coming under other direction. And the two cannot be decently dovetailed while this dichotomy persists. A new body must be created which, after the Robbins Committee has assessed the probable demand and the resources available to meet it, would have powers both to plan and supervise the expansion of higher education. Comprehensive planning of this kind may not have been necessary in the past; but if we neglect it now, we shall botch the unprecedented task before us, failing the interest both of the younger generation and of the nation it should serve.

NEXT WEEK

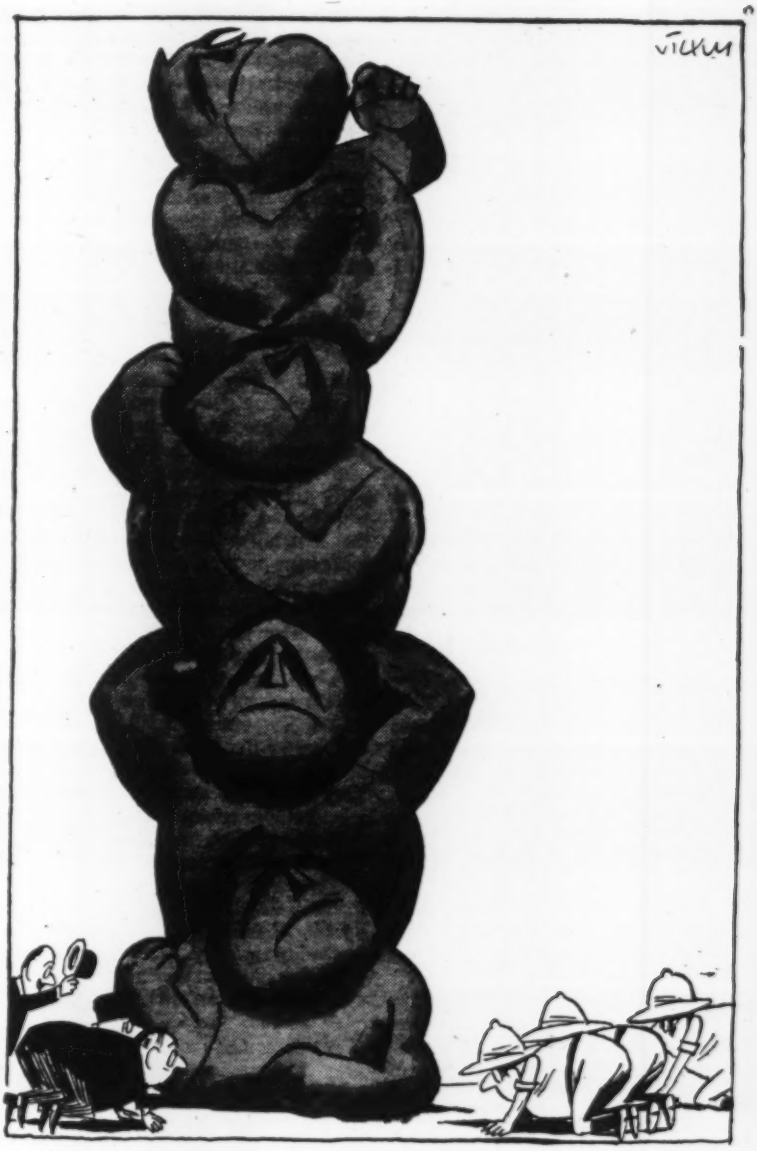
BASIL DAVIDSON
What Next in the Congo?

C. H. ROLPH
Guns and Murder

PROFILE OF
Prof. Lancelot Hogben

The Anatomy of Tory Revolt

PAUL JOHNSON



Who are the 90-odd Tory MPs who signed the anti-government motion on Central Africa? What were their motives? How much weight do they carry in the party as a whole? Can their revolt be stifled by the pressure of the government machine? Or is it likely to broaden into a direct challenge to Mr Macmillan?

The only way to answer these questions is to analyse, name by name, the status, record and connections of the men who signed the motion. This is a task of exceptional difficulty. Many of the relevant facts – the personal investments of the rebels, their family connections with African settlers, etc – are often impossible to obtain. Moreover, an initial breakdown of the rebel roll-call discloses a complex, and in some ways mysterious, pattern. Among them, motives, interests, opinions overlap and conflict. As Sir Lewis Namier has shown, the analysis of collective political behaviour in the Commons seldom if ever provides simple answers: the truth is cloudy, for back-bench MPs are often muddled men.

Nevertheless, for our purposes, the rebels can be divided into seven crude categories. The first, most obvious, most vocal and, perhaps, least important, are the professional right-wing rebels. Their names are fairly well-known: John Biggs-Davidson (Mr Tshombe's unofficial spokesman here), John Eden and Anthony Fell, Lords Hinchingbrooke and Lambton, Captain Kerby, Gerald Nabarro and Paul Williams. Their present front-man appears to be the Rt Hon. R. H. Turton, a former Minister of Health. This group numbers 20, and they can currently be found in any disgruntled move against the government – on financial policy as well as foreign or colonial affairs. Few, if any, of them frequent governmental dinner parties.

In addition, there is a further group, again mainly right-wing, whose views on Central Africa are reinforced by personal or commercial connections with the colonies. There is, for instance, Frederick Harris, chairman of Marshall's (East Africa) Ltd and of two other East African associates, chairman of Kenya Orchards Ltd, and the owner of a large farm in Kenya. There is Brigadier Terence Clarke, a director of Voice and Vision, the public relations subsidiary of Coleman, Prentice & Varley, which has organised recent free trips for MPs to the Federation. There is F. M. Bennett, a member of the Southern Rhodesian bar. There is Norman Pannell, for many years a senior member of John Holt (Liverpool) Ltd, a leading firm in the West African trade, and Lady Gammans, whose husband was a member of the old Malayan Civil Service. Some 13 signatories belong to this group.

In addition several Tory peers have financial connections with Africa. These include the ringleader of the revolt in the Lords, the Marquess of Salisbury, who has swallowed his Cecil pride to the extent of writing for the Beaverbrook Press. Lord Salisbury is a director of the British South Africa Company, which has made a habit of awarding directorships, reputedly worth £3,000 a year, to pro-Empire political figures (Julian Amery, like his father L. S. Amery, was a director until he joined the government). Nor must we forget that Captain Waterhouse, once the leader of the Suez rebels, is now the chairman of Tanganyika Concessions, a company whose business has expanded since the advent of the Tshombe regime in Katanga. At least three members of the government (including Duncan Sandys, an ex-director of Ashanti Goldfields) have, or had, important African interests. At the same time, at least two Tory MPs with big East or Central African investments did *not* sign the motion*. A third group consists of MPs who recently visited the Federation on trips organised by Voice and Vision on behalf of the Federal government. Three of these who are not normally associated with right-wing action signed the motion, but one has since withdrawn.

A further small group consists of four Ulster MPs who, for historical reasons, draw an emotional parallel between the loyalist Orangemen, whom Asquith tried to 'coerce' in 1914, and the Rhodesian settlers. Should the government be forced to use troops against Sir Roy Welensky, there can be little doubt that more Ulster MPs would join this faction: Sir Roy Welensky evokes personal echoes of Edward Carson.

The above four categories fit logically into the pattern of right-wing revolt, inspired by both ideology and special interest, against a colonial 'sell-out'. But it is at this point in the analysis that the theory breaks down. The next category consists of ten 'new boy' MPs, all of whom were first elected in 1959 or since, and none of whom is known to the public. Two at least are believed to be liberal in their views; a third owns the *Church of England Newspaper;* none is identified with the right.

A sixth group is even more surprising. This consists of 13 MPs who can in some matters at least be classified as 'left of centre', and some of whom have taken courageous action on liberal issues. There is, for instance, Sir Beverley Baxter, a fervent abolitionist; H. R. Gower, who favours a boycott of South Africa; Philip Goodhart, a liberal on West African issues, and Peter Rawlinson, who has played a prominent part in raising defence funds for the South African Treason Trial. This group also (and perhaps predictably) includes Ray Mawby, the solitary Tory trade union MP.

The last, largest and unquestionably the most important category consists of 31 senior

*cf. *The Business Background of Members of Parliament*. Edited by ANDREW ROTH. Parliamentary Profiles Services Ltd.

and ultra-orthodox back-benchers. These are the indispensable government wheel-horses, the solid gentry from the shires, old in years for the most part and not over-endowed in talent, but normally trustworthy and silent. Some have held junior office; some have even been whips; many have earned, and received, knighthoods for decades of sound, pro-leadership views. Nearly all have held senior positions on back-bench committees.

Such men are Sir Peter Agnew and Sir William Hicks-Beach, Sir Robert Grimston and Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Sir John Maitland and Sir Frank Markham, Sir Harmar Nichols, Sir Leonard Ropner, Sir Spencer Summers, Sir Gerald Wills and Sir Otho Prior-Palmer. These men – like the senior trade union members on the Labour benches – stand very near the party's centre of gravity; in fact, they help to constitute it. In their own way they form the Tory back-bench establishment. Indeed, it must be a source of great concern to the Tory whips that no less than 30 of the rebel signatories hold office on Tory back-bench committees. Ten of these are chairmen, seven vice-chairmen. By the middle of this week, only two of these gentlemen had removed their names from the motion.

This analysis, of course, over-simplifies the structure of the revolt. There are subtle bonds of amity, business and blood in the Tory Party which defy categorisation. The Tory back-bench mind is organic, even telepathic. Some of these MPs would be hard put to give you a clear explanation why they signed the motion. Many do not understand the details of Mr Macleod's constitutional plan for Northern Rhodesia; others can, and do, argue that support for it is compatible with the terms of the motion. Certainly, when Mr Macleod appeared before the Tory back-benchers last week, his reception was far from critical; some who were present maintain it was warm.

Bearing these qualifications in mind, we can nevertheless draw two tentative conclusions from this analysis. First, this is much more than a revolt of the wild men: its ramifications go deep into the heart of the Tory parliamentary party; the roll-call reflects to some extent every section of the party, with the exception of the young liberal intellectuals directly associated with Mr Macleod. This leads us to a further, and more important, conclusion. A close scrutiny of the names and records of the signatories shows that more than half of them have never taken an independent line on colonial policy, or indeed displayed any apparent interest in it. This could suggest that Northern Rhodesia is more the occasion than the cause of the revolt.

There are some grounds for thinking, in fact, that the motion may amount to a protest against the general drift of Mr Macmillan's policy, and in particular against his methods of government. It is no secret that the final decisions on the Northern Rhodesia plan were taken by Mr Macmillan in consultation with a small group of ministers; that certain papers were not circulated to the Cabinet as a whole; and that some ministers were – to their intense irritation – confronted with a *fait accompli*. A disgruntled Cabinet minister who conveys his feelings to his Under-Secretary or his PPS, and hence to back-benchers, can be a formidable catalyst of public revolt.

Moreover, such criticisms would fall on ground already prepared. Many MPs whose careers have not flourished – or have withered forever – under the Macmillan solstice are increasingly resentful of the intellectual arrogance with which he treats his supporters, and his tendency to make appointments from among the relatively small circle of MPs who are personally acquainted with him. So long as Mr Macmillan was riding high, these feelings were suppressed. But now the future is darkening. In foreign affairs, the western initiative has passed to Mr Kennedy. In defence, the disastrous five-year Sandys plan, which the premier himself inspired, is bearing bitter fruit. The economy is stagnant, exports are falling. And now, in Central Africa, the government faces a situation in which it may even have to order British troops to fire on white British subjects.

Added to this are persistent – and widely believed – rumours that Mr Macmillan is contemplating retirement. The succession is increasingly open, and many senior ministers – Macleod, Butler, Selwyn Lloyd, Sandys – who stood shoulder to shoulder to hold the party together in the Suez aftermath, and who basked supine in the reflected glory of the Macmillan meridian, are beginning to jockey for position.

It is against this dark and uncertain background that the revolt has taken root. Moreover, there is no reason to believe it has reached its full dimensions. Many Tory MPs who are known to be strongly critical of certain aspects of government policy are not on the list; one such is Aubrey Jones, who delivered a devastating attack on government defence policy this week. Scattered across the Tory back benches are further pockets of rebels, whom crisis could drive into coalition.

What, in fact, has happened is that the Tory monolithic image, maintained for over 15 years in the face of a diminishing Socialist threat, is finally beginning to crumble. After a decade of office, unity no longer has overwhelming priority. This is the potentially explosive situation which Sir Roy Welensky is coming to London to exploit.

London Diary

CHARON

The Cabinet, according to informative flies on the wall who have been buzzing in my direction, is far from a happy ship these days. The Prime Minister thinks Lord Home talks too much. And talks not only about his own foreign affairs but about everything else. Macmillan had hoped he would be another taciturn stooge like Selwyn Lloyd. He now, so it's said, bitterly regrets the appointment. Home, meanwhile, who undoubtedly has a mind of his own though precisely what kind of a mind is another story, has been gaining a lot of ground with diehards and back-benchers. They think he is a sound, 100 per cent anti-Communist, anti-Peaceful-Coexistence man and an antidote to Macmillan's dangerous 'leftism'. Selwyn Lloyd is profoundly unhappy, and his groans at Cabinet meetings get on people's nerves. He loathes the Treasury – he never wanted to go there, anyway, and had been getting quite happy at the FO. He knows that his budgetary position is impossible and that he cannot prudently make any of the concessions which are expected of him. Butler is reported to be in a strange condition of dreamy melancholy rather like what Home Office psychiatrists call prison psychosis. Even Hailsham hunches silent and morose, not daring to attempt one of his forensic sallies for fear of being snapped at. The tension between Macmillan and Enoch Powell, so opposite in outlook and temperament, is like a black cloud over all.

★ ★ ★

There is another reason why Mr Macmillan, for all his influential connections, is likely to feel isolated. This pertains to a jealously guarded secret of the Conservative Central Office. After the Eden debacle it was decided in high Tory quarters that never again should the party pin its faith to any one prime minister. If you recap on the Tory's election propaganda, laid on for them by Coleman, Prentice & Varley strictly following their client's brief, you will remember that, apart from the personal appearances, the Macmillan image was not at all conspicuous. The fact is that the Macwonder line has been sedulously put around by the Prime Minister himself, by his personal friends and sympathetic publicists. A measure of Mr Macmillan's unpopularity in the arcana of the Tory party is this remark overheard recently from a diehard: 'Wish to God we could do a swap. Let him lead them and Gaitskell us.'

★ ★ ★

None of the press reports that I saw told us the complex history of Wiston House, Steyning, where Krushchev's son-in-law, *Izvestia* editor Alexei Adjubei, and his little mob met the British team to discuss peaceful coexistence under the chairmanship of Sir William Hayter. The establishment at Wilton Park, near Beaconsfield, which had de-Nazified German prisoners, gradually developed into a kind of Anglo-German goodwill centre. It was then shifted to Wiston House, and was broadened to include junkets for other lesser breeds to be taught the British way and purpose. No doubt they received instruction in finer points of table manners and protocol, such as the disuse of the fish-knife and how to repulse without causing offence the advances of the ambassador of a friendly power encountered in a Turkish bath. The premises are even rented out to the Fabians on occasion. Naturally, in Iron Curtain circles, where political paranoia is rife, the entire outfit has always been regarded with deepest suspicion. It is, I understand, believed by these deluded spy-maniacs to be a centre from which visiting Iron Curtain artists, ballet dancers, scientists and cultural swanners are tempted to opt out from Communism and settle in our Hesperides. I suppose Adjubei's acceptance of Wiston House as his debating ground was regarded in Moscow as carrying the war into the enemy's territory. It would have been very disappointing if his luggage had not been searched somewhere en route.

★ ★ ★

The fact that the 64-year-old Mexican painter David Alfaro Siqueiros is a diehard Communist so peppery that he was nicknamed, in Mexican party circles, *El Rascador* (the Rasp), is absolutely no reason why he should be held in jail without trial for six months. Siqueiros was one of 35 Mexican political prisoners detained in Lecumberri jail who staged a hunger strike as a protest against their detention without trial. After this strike eight prisoners, some of whom had been detained for 18 months and more, were released. The rest, including Siqueiros, are still held. Siqueiros is certainly the most famous living Mexican painter. Together with Rivera and Oroszko he formed the style of Mexican mural painting and has continued

to dominate it since their deaths. Think of the protests in this country if Augustus John was held without trial for taking part in a Trafalgar Square demonstration!

★ ★ ★

I wonder how Plan RED is getting on? Plan RED, in case you don't know, was the Pentagon's name for operations in case of war being declared by Britain on America. You can read – if not all, at any rate, quite a lot – about it in that fantastically neglected book *Command Decisions*. This collection of high US strategic essays was published only the other day in this country by Methuen. In it the Americans display that naive candour which is one of their most endearing features. America's military strategists, writes Louis Morton, one of the contributors, considered a variety of possibilities between the wars.

> Among the most serious, though one of the most unlikely, of these was a war with Great Britain alone (RED), which in the planners' estimate could conceivably arise from commercial rivalry between the two nations, or with Great Britain and Japan (RED-ORANGE) . .
>
> Plans devoted to meet the remote danger of a RED war, in contrast with ORANGE [against Japan alone], called for the immediate dispatch of the bulk of the US Fleet to the Atlantic and large-scale ground operations to deprive the enemy of bases in the western hemisphere . . . As in ORANGE it was assumed that neither side would have allies among the great powers of Europe and Asia, and no plans were made for an invasion of the enemy's homeland by an American expeditionary force . . .
>
> The problems presented by a RED-ORANGE coalition, though highly theoretical, were more complicated. Here the American strategists had to face all the possibilities of an ORANGE and a RED war – seizure of American possessions in the western Pacific, violation of the Monroe Doctrine, attacks on the Panama Canal, Hawaii, and other places, and, finally, the invasion of the United States.

What Morton doesn't tell us is the story of the meeting between Churchill and General Marshall in Washington on the Former Naval Person's first visit. Marshall's brief case had been packed by a junior member of his staff who had foolishly, perhaps Freudianly, included a copy of RED-ORANGE instead of one of ORANGE alone. There was an extremely awkward moment when Marshall began reading aloud. The last words of the junior member before he left Washington for the Pacific were 'Boy, oh boy! Was my face Red!'

I suppose there is no contingency so remote that the Pentagon is not prepared for it. I can easily visualise Plan BLANCO-NEGRO – to meet a combined attack by Iceland and Guinea. But God help us all when interplanetary planning starts.

★ ★ ★

That indestructibility which was always a salient characteristic of Molotov – not for nothing was he nicknamed Stone-bottom – is still unchallenged. In his new job as deputy-twin to Emilianov – they are the Soviet representatives on the Atomic Energy Commission – he is, I am told, turning the younger generation green with envy. His boss relies on him for the most unexpectedly detailed information.

At a Vienna meeting recently, an ambassador, referring to a peculiarly egregious manoeuvre by a western delegate, remarked to Molotov: 'At this rate capitalism will soon have dug its own grave – as your leader Krushchev puts it.' Molotov reminded him politely that it was Karl Marx who had coined that phrase.

'Of course, yes,' said the ambassador, 'but not everybody reads Marx nowadays while every word that Mr Krushchev says is eagerly lapped up'.

'Even so,' said Molotov after a tiny pause, 'it would really be better, perhaps, if people studied the original.'

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The Queen's detective, Superintendent Albert Edward Perkins, was not so fortunate. He managed to get his rolled umbrella securely caught in the harness of his elephant as he climbed up the ladder, and to the amusement of the Queen had great difficulty in getting himself, briefcase, grey Homburg hat and the umbrella into position. – *Guardian*. (J. D. Killip.)

Thousands of people, I read, are queueing up at the Tate Gallery in London, for the exhibition of paintings by Toulouse-Lautrec.

Most of the pictures are of prostitutes and their clients. Why the British public should pay to see the distorted vision of this brothel-haunting painter beats me.

When this man's pictures were first shown in London at the turn of the century, Society rightly shunned them. We should do the same now. – Letter in *Daily Herald*. (O. Weisz.)

Officers of the City of London Yeomanry (Rough Riders) in full Regimental blues with sabres and plumed helmets, and troopers carrying lances, formed a guard of honour for the Queen Mother, their Honorary Colonel.

As the Queen Mother was approaching, one fainted and crashed to the floor. He was picked up and held upright until the Queen Mother passed. – *Yorkshire Post*. (G. A. Barton.)

Mass-produced Medicine

ALBERT RUBEN

Despite some evident shortcomings in the National Health Service, it is a mistake to assume the patient who can afford top-drawer free enterprise medicine as practised in the US has necessarily caught up with the happiness that is every American's right. Indeed increasing specialisation, with its opportunities for huge annual incomes, is winning even the most reputable US physicians to the methods of the automatic cafeteria.

When recently my family doctor told me he was referring me to a specialist, I felt a strong sense of occasion; and it was with some reverence that I presented myself at the offices of a quartet of distinguished ear, nose and throat doctors. Their names were listed in order of celebrity on the polished walnut door, and I entered with a sense of well-being not entirely consistent with my flagging health – a feeling that my fever had forged a key which was now admitting me to a true sanctum of science.

The door opened into a long corridor, off which various other doors led away to unnamed mysteries. A glass-enclosed cubicle marked Reception beckoned from the far end of the corridor. When I spoke my name and that of my doctor to the receptionist, a chart the size of a desk blotter was consulted and a check mark entered in the appropriate square. Was this my first visit? It was. I was handed a form and a special pen upon which I was told to press firmly and directed to an ante-chamber where I would find desks for my convenience.

The form was brief and to the point. No foolishness about past illnesses or operations. Just the essentials. Name, address, occupation, employer, business address, name of nearest relative and his/her occupation and business address, name and address of insurance company.

Forty minutes past the hour scheduled for my appointment, a uniformed young lady stepped briskly into the lounge and read out my name and that of a little boy with a rheumy nose. The boy, his mother and I followed the young lady. I was deposited in Room C, the rest of the convoy continuing up the corridor for further disposition. Room C was functionally furnished with adjustable dental chair, wash basin, stool and half a dozen framed medical diplomas. I looked for a place to hang my coat, found none, and rolled it into a ball on my lap.

At length a second young lady in regulation starched white entered, clip board grimly in hand, and sat on the stool. What seemed to be my trouble? I described my symptoms briefly. Her poised pencil swooped, stroked, and she was gone. In a little while the doctor appeared, and of course all my doubts vanished at once. The nurse resumed her place on the stool, pencil at the ready, while the doctor introduced himself and smiled reassuringly. What seemed to be my trouble? I repeated the recital of my symptoms. Now gleaming instruments flashed as I opened, closed, ahhed, exhaled and generally immolated myself with happy abandon. The doctor punctuated each deft manoeuvre with a low cryptic comment which the nurse, as far as I could judge, found meaningful.

The end of the examination came with unexpected suddenness. Promising to look in on me later, the doctor smiled and left. The nurse paused long enough to direct me to the X-ray room, then she, too, disappeared. I permitted myself a moment of reflection. What had the examination revealed? Why hadn't I questioned the doctor about my illness as I had intended? But didn't he leave before I had a chance to? Why in Heaven's name an X-ray? And what should I do with my coat? Leave it here? Better take it. I found the X-ray room and stood waiting until still another young lady appeared. When the picture was taken she directed me to Room E.

Room E was very like Room C. I sat in the dental chair and held my bundled coat on my lap. A nurse came in and without a word covered me with a plastic apron. The pace seemed to be quickening now. Whatever my disorder, it apparently fitted comfortably into the smooth groove of systematic therapy. A rubber tube was inserted in my nose and warm salt water sent rocketing around some lymphatic circuit. My coat fell to the floor when I let go of it to hold an aluminium catch basin. The tube was removed and I stemmed the flow with tissues while I retrieved my coat with my free hand. As soon as I felt I had things reasonably under control, I proceeded to Room B as ordered.

The doctor appeared almost at once, took up an X-ray photo from the top of a filing cabinet and held it to the light. He nodded with evident satisfaction and told me my sinuses were infected. He outlined a regimen I was to follow at home until our next meeting. I murmured my thanks, and the doctor

stepped nimbly into the corridor traffic and was gone. A young lady came with a prescription for medicine and a set of printed instructions on the use of drops, compresses and inhaler that comprised the do-it-yourself portion of my treatment.

At the Appointments Desk on my way out I was handed two copies of an invoice and directed to the Business Office. There a young lady, looking remarkably fresh in mufti, took the invoice and totalled the fee: $27.50. The office visit had cost 15 dollars, the X-ray 7.50, and the 'nasal' five. As my two encounters with the doctor consumed no more than three minutes at most, his services may be computed at five dollars per minute. By the same token, the nurse who officiated at the nasal did so at the rate of a dollar a minute, assuming that the cost of perhaps a quart of salt water is negligible. Still to be paid for was the medicine the doctor had prescribed – 16 antibiotic capsules at 50 cents each and $2.45 worth of anti-histamine pills. The whole thing came to $37.95 (about £13 12s 0d). As I wrote a cheque, I asked if I might use the telephone on the desk to call my wife. I was directed instead to one in the corridor. It was a pay phone.

Using the latest techniques of advertising, the American Medical Association grinds out endless tributes to its own traditions and sounds constant warnings on the evils of 'socialized medicine'. And yet cold, impersonal care and ever higher charges by doctors, hospitals and drug manufacturers are threatening to deface the avuncular image that has stood so long for the American doctor. Honoured as is the Assembly Line in their gallery of national heroes, Americans, albeit with unfailing surprise, are finding more and more places where its appearance is unwelcome.

Abandon Ship

ANTHONY CARSON

I had been on a certain Greek island for quite a while before it gradually came to my attention that I was going to be stranded.

Such is my way, I have huge optimisms, make plans, and then doubt gnaws among the roses. Certainly this was the wrong island to be stranded on; you would have to throw yourself at the mercy of Americans, who would kick you in the teeth and quote Robert Frost at the same time. I wanted something fairly idyllic, an island of pipes, my own island in fact. And somewhere there was such an island, a day's journey away, burning with beauty and stark as a bone.

I started to write begging letters, sent them off, and waited in my false paradise. Cyclops is a lovely island, but Hollywood used it for a film and ever since then it glistens in a sort of hardly perceptible cellophane. Then, one day, I went to the post office and received a letter from my publisher. He stated that, with much reluctance, he had sent me money directly on receipt of my letter. It should have arrived days ago and had been wired to my very island. Anthony Carson, Cyclops. This filled me with relief, if not joy. It wasn't a large sum, not enough to sail into lost time over fragile seas, nor to plan a slow seduction of the smart, hard, innocent American girls who blazed through the island. It was enough however to get leisurely back to England, stopping a bit for a certain lack of enthusiasm.

I began to haunt the tiny post-office. It was staffed by the usual sadists who run post-offices, prisons and public schools. The Greeks love money, and these officials had special organs to smell it out. People below a certain income-level were made to wait for hours outside the mail-department and return at doubtful hours when the post-office might be shut. Women were turned away for being incorrectly dressed; their dogs were incarcerated; there was no one to appeal to because there was nothing to appeal to. When I first applied for my money, a man with a priest-like face burst into rocky laughter and peered at me through the grille. 'How much?' he asked. I mentioned the sum, and his face came closer. 'There is no bank on the island,' he said.

Then I got drunk. It was the first time I had got drunk on the island, and everybody looked as if they were employed by the post office. I told them so. A Greek and his wife took exception to my remarks. He was an ex-Oxford man, with the slack, thoughtful look of the Cornmarket, and his wife was Dutch. 'It is not true,' he said; 'all Greeks are not employed by the post-office. For one thing there are not enough post-offices. Secondly you risk being thrown in the harbour. And thirdly there *is* a sort of bank here. It does certain kinds of transactions, I think.' He gave me the address.

I went to the address and found a tiny office with a huge desk and papers on it, and on one of the papers I could see a small spider. It was dead. I hung about in the bars near the crypto-bank, until suddenly I found it open. There was a man behind the desk, and he looked up at me with the instant recognition of hatred. 'What do you want?' he shouted. I stated my case, and the lenses of his spectacles glinted with derision. 'There is no money here,' he said, 'I do not deal in money. Go to the post-office.' I went back to the post-office, back to the bank, back to the post-office. Everybody on the island knew the sum of money I was going to receive, that I was going to Istanbul, Cairo and then on to Honolulu.

Finally I left the island and returned to Athens. Somebody had told me that money drafts went round Greece in a circle, and this one could have rolled back to the capital. I had very little money – a fact that wouldn't have worried me once with youth in the bank and a jolly profile – and I felt a sort of hollow in my stomach like an adventure going bad. But, in fact, the money *was* in Athens, deep-down in the vault. I shook hands with numbers of directors and bought a ticket for London via Brindisi and Venice. 'It's a new boat on its first run,' said an official. 'Swimming bath and top grade luxury. It's called *Perseus*. Have a good trip.'

Two days later I boarded *Perseus*. It was covered with rust and an 'e' of *Perseus* had fallen off. 'This way' said a steward and led me down to the very bottom of the ship; you couldn't have gone lower. 'Here, sir,' said the steward, opening a door. I was met by a terrible blast of heat, it was like hell. The whole cabin was lined with water pipes; I was in a tiny walled-in extension of the engine-room. 'It'll be all right when we get under way,' said the steward.

When the ship did get under way, I returned to the cabin and found it hotter still. There were no portholes and the ventilators weren't working. There was a minute sigh of air on the top bunk under which I lay, naked, sweating into the sheets. I went up on deck, had a meal, and decided to sleep on deck, taking up a pillow and a blanket. I had fallen asleep for a few hours, when somebody shook me. 'Against the regulations,' said one of the stewards. 'And please don't shout so loud; there are first class passengers sleeping.'

The next morning I was sitting in the bar over an *ouzo* when I became aware of a young man beside me drinking double whiskies and smelling, very simply and directly, of money. We began talking, and he told me he came from Boston. 'I've been on this appalling ship three times,' he said, 'and it is growing steadily worse. They know me. Especially him.' He pointed towards a sort of sergeant-major who seemed to be the chief steward. I was certain that the American could have bought the whole ship, if not the line. 'Why don't you fly?' I asked him.

'Something to do with an emotional ratio,' he said. 'A purely American complex. This is the only place where anyone is rude to me. And that is the only man.' Again he indicated the sergeant-major. The Bostonian's name was Conrad. He belonged to a Catholic family, and although good-looking and virile enough to be a film-star, fenced himself off from girls, not leaping the first hedge.

After lunch I decided to beard the sergeant-major about my cabin. He was extremely paternal and actually patted me on the back as if I was his favourite corporal. 'After Brindisi,' he said in Bronx English. But for some reason or other, the ship was held up interminably in Brindisi, and by nightfall nobody gave a thought about cabins. Also the ship was going to be four hours late at Venice, losing all the train connections, the love connections, the money connections. Twice the sergeant-major shouted at me.

The next time I met Conrad we decided to sabotage *Perseus*, and made a plan of campaign. The next day as the ship approached Venice, we began flooding the water-closets and then threw masses of crockery into the sea, pretending to stumble over each other as we pointed at passing ships. Finally Conrad produced an enormous conch-shell which he had found on some island beach and which he had marvellously learnt to blow. We stood directly below the bridge and the smart young Bostonian blew the Emergency signal, Abandon Ship. He blew it three times, astonishingly loud, and then hid the conch in a bag on his arm. A few seconds later three or four officers pattered down the gangway and questioned the passengers. Some of these were laughing; they had seen the manoeuvre, and there was an air of mutiny. Then we went down to the disembarkation point, opposite the purser's office, glasses of *ouzo* in our hands, and slapped the sergeant-major on the back (Conrad wanted to push him into the sea). 'Good luck,' we said, raising the *ouzo*.

'Good luck,' shouted the sergeant-major, laughing. It was childish, but we had both climbed through a wreck of dreams and drowned mermaids; Greece was exposed as a hymn of portable radios. Conrad peeped over his well-trimmed hedge; I, with my growing years, began to plant one.

The gang-plank was now in position; and, as we saw the water from the WCs flowing down the staircase, we ran quickly down into Italy. An hour later we were sipping cocktails in the Danieli, and everyone was bowing. 'You know what?' said Conrad, nodding back to the waiters. 'That sergeant-major looked exactly like my father.'

"The greatest source of pleasure is variety" DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

There's pleasure, for example, in the human warmth of The Larkins, whose faces are known to millions, and there's pleasure of another kind in Sir Kenneth Clark's lectures on Art.

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UNIVERSITIES FOR TOMORROW

Maps of Learning

ASA BRIGGS

(Professor Briggs is leaving Leeds University to take charge of the School of Social Studies at Brighton.)

Perhaps the greatest excitement of the many excitements in helping to create a new university lies in the opportunity of thinking out afresh the map of learning with which the university will be concerned. It should not need the creation of new universities to present this challenge, but in old universities it is often difficult to carry out radical changes. Interests are entrenched, pressures are institutionalised, and at best there is usually long and frustrating delay. Reforms can be made within departments, but it is rare that they can be made across the sharply drawn jurisdictional frontiers of departments. If a new subject – or sub-subject – takes shape, the temptation is always to create a new department without necessarily re-arranging the boundaries of the old ones.

General education is usually thought of, if only for administrative reasons, as the un-co-ordinated addition of bits and pieces of separate departmental subjects, each given a mathematically precise share (half, third or quarter) of the whole. All these makeshift changes can be extended further, and fortunately, for all their limitations, are being extended further in universities where there is both goodwill and informal co-operation between departments. When, however, emphasis is placed (sometimes for sound historic reasons) on departmental claims or 'rights', even makeshift changes entail prolonged and unrewarding arguments.

Brighton, as the first of the new batch of universities, will deliberately set out to re-arrange the map of learning. It will have no departments in arts and social studies, and students will not be preoccupied exclusively with one particular subject. There will be a number of schools of study – English Studies, European Studies, Afro-Asian Studies and Social Studies – and within each of these schools different specialisms will converge. Professors and lecturers will not restrict their activities to one particular school, and students in different schools will share certain common lines of inquiry.

A Brighton arts graduate will necessarily have learned something during his three years about history, about literature, and about economic and social analysis and organisation. He will have been drawn into an examination and a discussion of problems which slip between the dividing lines of the conventional subjects. Above all, he will have had the chance of drawing his own map of learning for himself.

There are obvious dangers, which it does not need critics to point out, that this kind of education may resolve itself into the accumulation of incomplete fragments of specialisms. The safeguards are three. First, great attention will be paid to the work of the first two terms (after which a preliminary examination will be taken) to make sure that it provides a proper 'lead' into what will follow. It will be during these two terms that all undergraduates (whatever their school) will examine the historical framework of the modern world within which all their later problems are set. It will be then that, according to their particular interests, they will make their first acquaintance with concepts and tools which they will need later on.

Secondly, within each of the schools there will be a hard core of 'specialism', and all undergraduates will study as a part of that specialism what historians call a 'special subject', a topic or a problem in depth, using basic materials and working largely on their own. Within the schools graduates will 'major' in their particular specialisms – in Social Studies, they may take economics, for example; in English Studies, the 'major' could be English literature; in European Studies, it would be a language or history. The specialism will be surrounded by a cluster of relevant additional papers; it can, of course, be pursued more intensively, if wished, after the initial three years.

Thirdly, basic study throughout the three years will be through the tutorial. Lectures will be ancillary and voluntary, but given a considered place within the system. The first two terms, which fix the 'image' of the university in the mind of the undergraduate (often, and to a still increasing extent, an undergraduate with no family experience and little previous knowledge of universities), will firmly establish the central significance of the tutorial system (guided individual reading, one essay a week and regular encounters with a tutor). During the second and particularly the third year, tutorials and lectures will be augmented by seminars, some of which by present criteria would be 'interdisciplinary'.

These seminars could, I believe, influence the way of thinking of everybody taking part in them, both undergraduates and tutors from different disciplines. They could underline the element of exploration in the drawing of maps of learning. The sharp antithesis between teaching and research, which people outside universities often make (to the proper indignation of most people inside them), would become much less sharp if undergraduate education could provide such a stimulus to new work.

These safeguards seem to me to be adequate, but I would lay far more emphasis on positive advantages rather than on negative safeguards. In my own field of studies I have never been helped by academic or administrative definitions of 'subjects', and I do not believe that students have ever been helped by them. The by now conventional divisions between subjects are in any case relatively recently drawn, a consequence of the 'newer learning' of the 19th century which has received far too little attention as compared with the new learning of the Renaissance.

Fortunately scholars in some fields are already re-arranging the map of learning in the kind of way I have been outlining. One group of writers, of different persuasions, emphasise the personal element in the quest for knowledge: this quest will be emphasised at Brighton. Others draw heavily on subjects other than their own and on other people's disciplines in order to 'understand' problems which otherwise would be intractable. Nor are scholars alone in this. In recent years it has become abundantly clear that many of the really exciting problems of our time concern matters where questions of art and taste touch questions of economics and commerce or where a field of concern (for example, race questions) can be fully examined only in the light of different approaches. Yet in universities the gap between literature and the social studies (sometimes between history and social studies) is often as wide and ominous as the more frequently publicised gap between 'arts' and 'sciences', and some of the most fascinating problems of our time are not formally studied at all.

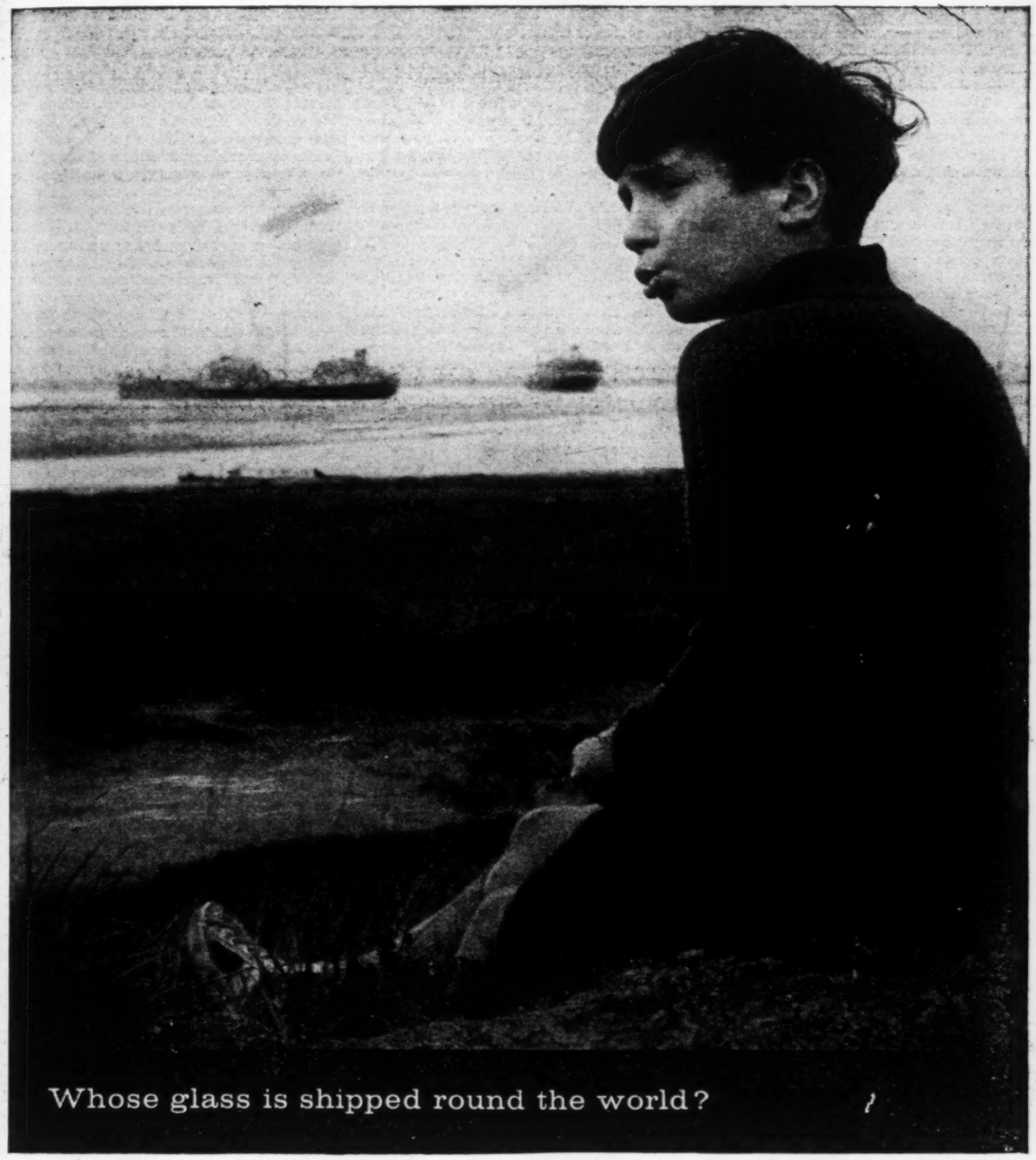
Much of the public interest in Brighton has centred on one of the proposed schools – that of European Studies – and this interest is welcome and encouraging. The location of Brighton makes the introduction of such a school particularly appropriate, and the school could attract students (and lecturers) from Europe. The development of this school, however, will be interesting not only in itself but because it illustrates the more basic re-arrangements of the map of learning in universities. Within this school the study of a language, which will provide one core of specialism, will be associated with the study of history, contempory economy and society, and patterns of culture. Such a school must obviously be closely linked, however, with a school of 'non-European' studies, and some of its work would be done in common with this second school.

The main emphasis of this second school would be on African and Asian studies, for the literature and history of the United States are probably better associated, in the first instance at least, with Britain and Europe. American studies have now been accepted, with varying degrees of commitment, in many universities: African and Asian studies, which command such public interest, are usually treated inside universities as peripheral or the special preserve of experts concentrated in particular places. In Brighton it is hoped that they will have a central place in the whole scheme.

Some carefully selected language work will have to be developed within this school, and there are possibilities of interesting new combinations. The core of specialism, for example, particularly relevant to students from overseas or students wishing to take up posts in Africa and Asia, could be a science or a technology. The cluster of subjects surrounding it could be social, economic and cultural. In this practical way the gap between arts and sciences would be bridged.

Since arts studies will start at Brighton on a strictly limited scale in October of this year, while the first science students will not be admitted until 1962, it will be some time before the organisation of the map of learning in the sciences will be determined. Consultation between scientists themselves and between scientists and other scholars is necessary before schools of sciences can be evolved. A search will be made, however, for genuine 'links' between arts and sciences along the same lines that the search is being made within the arts themselves.

There are some obvious links, for example,



Ten-year-old Stephen Quick is crazy about ships—and very knowledgeable, too. You'll find him—or a boy like him—at every vantage point on every river. Ready to tell you where the ships are bound and what cargoes they are carrying. And on the Mersey so many of them are carrying British Glass, Pilkington Glass, from St. Helens to every part of the world. For Pilkington Glass goes to nearly 100 overseas markets, and last year the direct exports of the Group totalled £12,000,000 —a combination to British trade made possible only by the Pilkington Group's vast manufacturing resources and the scale of its overseas sales organisation.

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between geography and 'earth studies', between social studies and technology, and between history and philosophy on the one hand and science on the other. Moreover there are mathematical studies which will be relevant to several schools in the whole university. The step-by-step growth of Brighton – it will not start with a large 'establishment' – should make possible the regular informal as well as formal consultation without which joint enterprises of exploration would be impossible.

No pattern of arts studies would be complete without some place being given to the 'creative arts', and here, as in other fields, several universities have already embarked upon pioneer ventures. Painting, sculpture, music and drama will have a place in the Brighton scheme; they are arts which, it is important to remember, are of as much interest to scientists as they are to others.

Brighton will not be a university with one idea – universities do not thrive on gimmicks – nor will the other new universities. Each university will have the task of plotting its map of learning for itself, working, of course, within the limits of available resources financial and tutorial. Clearly the allocation of resources is relevant to everything else: the spread of subjects for its own sake or for the sake of small, sectional interests imposes severe burdens both on tutors and on library facilities. It is just as important to decide what *not* to teach as what to teach. The more carefully planned the curriculum, the more effective the use of resources will be.

Whatever the details of the maps of learning of the new universities may be – and there is much to be said for variety – universities which are prepared to experiment with their curriculum for carefully considered reasons should be able to rely upon a favourable response from outside. Businessmen have long complained, doubtless with varying degrees of justice, that they do not get the kind of arts graduates they want from the universities: the proposal to combine general qualifications with special studies should be of particular interest to them. The civil service and the foreign service state frequently that they are not always able to recruit new entrants from as wide a field as they would wish: tutorial guidance and linked studies should stimulate more applicants.

Schools grumble about relentless pressure from universities which forces them to specialise prematurely, to cram and to cramp: here is a kind of university education which does not depend on premature specialisation, but on curiosity, interest and the desire to probe and to relate. It can give those connected with the new universities the feeling that they are doing something which is not only exciting but socially constructive.

The Case for Scunthorpe

W. H. G. ARMYTAGE

Professor of Education in the University of Sheffield

Heeled and soled by American aid since 1900, British universities have (in the main) limped along the by-ways, losing ground steadily to their transatlantic and continental counterparts. Why can't we learn from the Americans instead of leaning on them? Since Carnegie responded to Chamberlain's deft touch with an endowment for Birmingham, English universities have jogged along on American doles. Those white crags in Bloomsbury, around which so many of our too few postgraduate schools nestle, owe much to Rockefeller. So do the Cambridge University Library and the Bodleian.

We have not been too proud to take the Rockefeller Trust's money, but we have not taken its advice. Abraham Flexner (the mainspring behind the Rockefeller programme of encouraging the humanities in the universities) argued 30 years ago that just as the British debt in 1815 was virtually extinguished by subsequent industrial expansion, so a comparable reduction might be effected by developing British science. No one listened then, nor do they really listen now, as our increasing dependency on American scientific research is pointed out.

Almost a quarter of the $5,600m which American industry spent in 1958 on private research and development was made directly available to the United Kingdom: more than the whole of British industry and the co-operative associations spend annually. As Dr J. H. Dunning of Southampton has warned us (in a study financed by funds derived from US economic aid) such reliance might well mean that British counterparts refrain from independent research, thereby inhibiting the building up of native British research facilities and indirectly stultifying the demand for pure scientists and technologists in Britain. After all, with America offering a college education to 30 per cent of its population, it can well find the personnel for such tasks.

Above all the Americans have given us a lesson in university logistics. Their own agricultural and mechanical colleges, established a century ago, have now grown into large and distinguished universities, nourished by their regions. They associate together where necessary for expensive scientific research with industry and government alike. Staff move freely between industrial research laboratories and universities, and between universities themselves. This is why American universities are such centres of stimulus, and why the headlong *hegira* of British academics westward gathers impetus to such an extent that British universities look like becoming rather inefficient incubators for American graduate schools. 'Go west, young man', is the furtive whimper of many a soured and cynical don to a bright research student.

But sourness and cynicism are not the mood today. Instead it is one of quiet desperation as British universities stagger up to the start-line of an attack on the bulge. We propose to expand existing foundations and create new ones.

These new universities, if badly sited, may aggravate rather than ameliorate the position. If modelled on Keele and Brighton they will be intellectual phalansteries, disengaged from their environments. For whereas the normal civic universities derive manifold advantages from being in the centre of large and populous industrial areas, neither Keele nor Brighton has any fruitful relation with local technologies or industry, except obliquely. If the regional criteria of Professor Balchin are valid, other universities set in Canterbury, Ipswich, Lancaster, Lincoln and Norwich would suffer in the same way. One can almost hear the bishops and landladies singing *Te Deums* in unison.

No one seems to consider that it is cheaper to take poets, historians, linguists and philosophers to research laboratories of the industrial complexes, than to recreate these in a utopian environment. (A university in Coventry is long overdue.) If the prospect of over-large universities in the present industrial towns is intimidating, cannot we follow a further American example by establishing branches? These would also help eliminate the commuter student. Thus Birmingham could have a college at say, Wolverhampton, Manchester one at Blackpool or Crewe or Preston and Sheffield one at Scunthorpe.

These branches may well be found in existing colleges of technology or training colleges. A branch technical college might utilise the part-time services of experts in their particular regions, as teaching hospitals do today. A branch training college could become, by virtue of its superior residential facilities, a real liberal arts college. Both have the staff which, on present levels of recruitment, universities just cannot attract into their teaching echelons.

Some of the first-class training colleges are at present quite capable of undertaking the task for which Keele and Brighton seem to be designed. Some of the colleges of technology might well attract, by this means, professors with part-time posts in industry. That happens at the university at Eindhoven in Holland, where a third of the professors work in the university for two days a week, bringing the tang of realism from the industries (like Philips) which they serve for the remaining three days. So yet another problem could be in part solved: the need for thousands more university teachers by 1970.

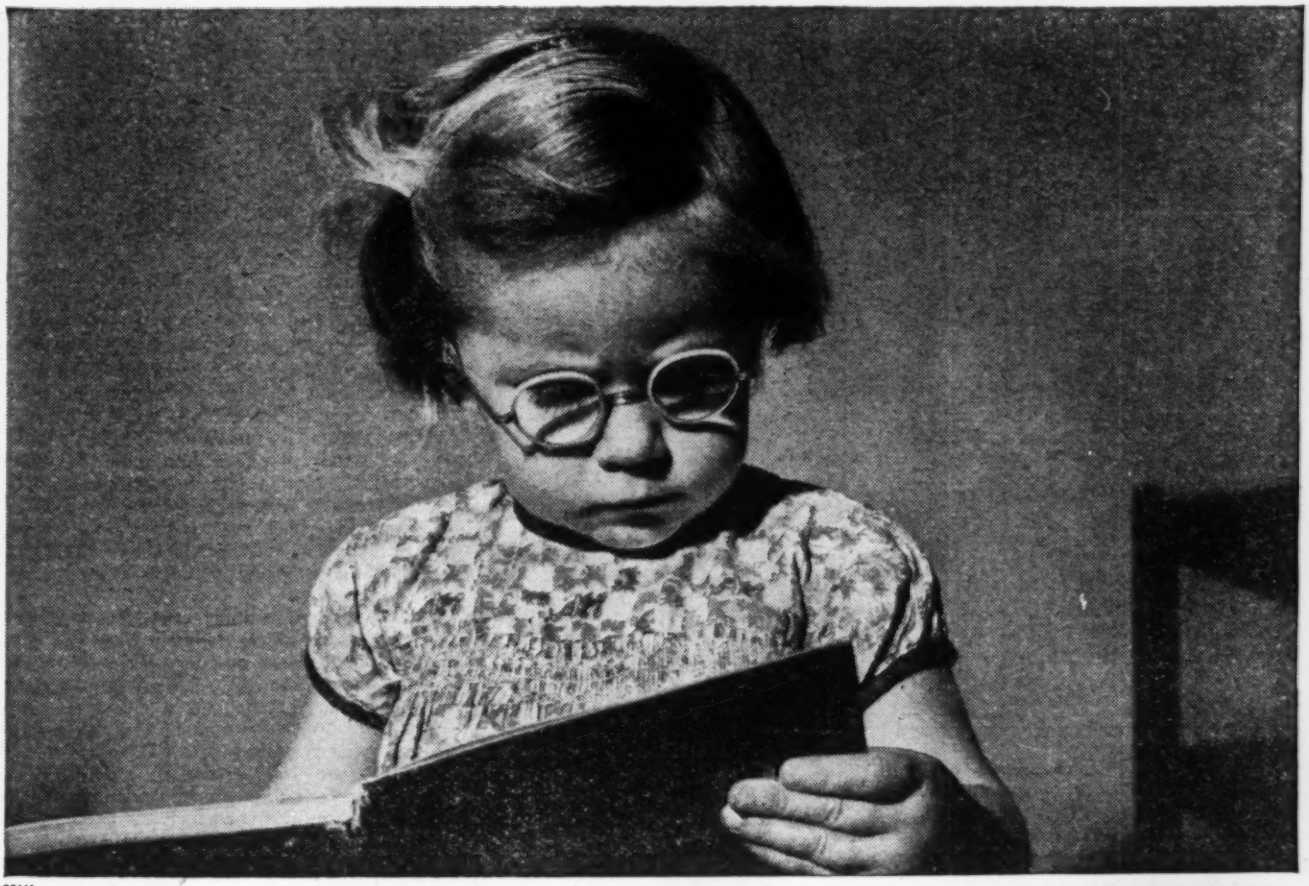
This tang of realism would do the arts no harm. A university in Scunthorpe (or Bolton, Sunderland, Crewe, Derby or Stevenage for that matter) would be more than a mere intellectual cistern, liable to run dry. For the activities in all these towns tap springs of speculation. No don can 'disengage' from such an environment, any more than in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield or Birmingham. Nor would the purest scholarship suffer. Henry Bradley, for instance, found in Sheffield from 1863 to 1884 the facilities which enabled him to become one of the editors of the *Oxford English Dictionary*. At the same time Henry Clifton Sorby found the stimulus which enabled him to become an FRS at 31, and earn for his researches into microscopic petrology an honorary doctorate at Cambridge. After all Cambridge itself has recently given a striking example of the advantages of being situated in a centre of the radio industry.

Indeed, if tradition rather than expediency were to govern the siting of new universities, the case for Scunthorpe (if one might call it so) is stronger still. A formidable amount of evidence industriously assembled by American as well as British historians has shown that our first great industrial spurt was led by men who were no strangers to liberal conversation and intellectual pursuits. Boulton and Watt in Birmingham, Wedgewood at Stoke, John Kennedy of Manchester, the Strutts of Derby and Thomas Bentley of Liverpool represent a flowering of art and technics which the late F. D. Klingender so charmingly captured for us. Like Richard Hoggart, Klingender was a modern *fraterculus*. In our present industrial spurt we need more of them in the salients of technocracy, not stall-holders in lecture bazaars.

Prescriptions for our body politic since the war have agreed that a larger investment in pure and applied research, a greater number of scientifically literate people in industry,

So much, that it sometimes seems we'll never catch up with all the great advances in knowledge—particularly scientific ones—even when they're being put to work in our own back gardens. How much do you know about 4-chloro-2-methylphenoxyacetic acid, for instance? It's this near-miraculous chemical—developed originally by I.C.I. for farmers to use in their cornfields—that so unerringly selects only weeds as its victims when you water your lawn with 'Verdone' selective weedkiller. What about gamma benzene hexachloride, another I.C.I. discovery? This is what puts the punch in 'Sybol'—the spray that spells death to sap-sucking pests in the garden. Such complicated chemicals—and a host of other weedkillers and insecticides, plant foods and fertilizers—are an open book to I.C.I.'s research chemists. But even *they* have a lot to learn yet—which is why their search for new knowledge, to aid the farmer and the gardener, goes on without pause.

THERE'S A LOT TO LEARN IN LIFE



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improved training, and better communication of ideas are essential. A marriage between the industrial towns and the universities has to take place if the bitter taste of our own industrialisation is to be assuaged. The natural recoil at the thought of a university in Scunthorpe stems largely from the basic aversion which Englishmen have to going native.

Such an aversion is nourished by our literary heritage, which from Blake, through John Ruskin to D. H. Lawrence, has been a long and strong rejection of the unsavoury nature of insensate industrialism. But industry has itself changed, and we can no longer afford to act like remittance-men. Nor can we affect to ignore the very people who now sustain us. What's good for Scunthorpe (or Wigan or Bolton) is good for Britain.

While we're about it don't let us spoil the one industry which doesn't need universities. The tourists can see at Canterbury, Salisbury, Winchester and Gloucester how boldly we built cathedrals in the past. It would be a great pity to let them see how furtively we are building the cathedrals of the future. Unless, of course, we want more doles for them. Perhaps we do.

The Facts of Expansion

How big are the universities to become, and how quickly should they grow? It has already been agreed by the government and the University Grants Committee that there should be places for at least 136,000 students in the early 1970s, and more recently Lord Hailsham has said that the UGC may have to plan for 175,000 places by 1970.

This would mean an increase of 75 per cent. in the next decade, and it is not yet clear how these numbers are to be distributed between the present and new foundations. The table below shows the number of students at each institution in 1938, in 1958 and an estimated distribution in 1970.

UNIVERSITY	1938	1958	1970 (approximations)
Birmingham	1,400	3,900	7,000
Brighton	—	—	3,000
Bristol	1,000	3,100	6,000
Cambridge	5,900	8,800	9,000
Durham	400	1,400	3,000
Exeter	400	1,200	3,000
Hull	300	1,400	3,000
Leeds	1,800	4,500	7,000
Leicester	300	1,000	3,000
Liverpool	2,100	3,700	7,000
London	13,300	21,000	25,000
Manchester	2,100	4,600	7,000
Newcastle	1,300	3,600	7,000
North Staffs	—	700	3,000
Nottingham	600	2,400	5,000
Norwich	—	—	3,000
Oxford	5,000	8,700	9,000
Reading	600	1,400	3,000
Sheffield	800	2,700	5,000
Southampton	300	1,400	3,000
York	—	—	3,000
Aberystwyth	700	1,400	3,000
Bangor	500	1,100	2,000
Cardiff	1,000	2,000	5,000
Swansea	500	1,300	3,000
Aberdeen	1,200	1,900	3,000
Edinburgh	3,200	5,500	7,000
Glasgow	4,200	5,600	7,000
St Andrews	900	2,400	4,000
Totals	49,800	96,700	158,000

The 1970 estimated total thus falls short of the 175,000 places, even though all universities reach the minimum of 3,000 places, and several go up to over 7,000. To reach the higher target it seems that three or four existing smaller universities will have to grow to about 7,000 students, and in addition four new universities will be needed in addition to those already planned.

Even this expansion may prove inadequate. By 1980 as many as 300,000 places may be needed, and even if 7,000 were then taken as the optimum figure as many as a dozen new universities will be needed in the next 20 years.

What this means can be seen by a comparison of the 1938 and 1958 numbers. The university population – other forms of higher education apart – seems likely to grow twice as fast as it has grown in the last two decades. In that same period the expenditure on universities has multiplied the 1938 cost in money terms by a factor of seven. In 1938 it was £8m. In 1958 it was £58m.

Captains of Erudition

SIR ERIC ASHBY

Master of Clare College, Cambridge

'Captains of erudition' was the name given to American university presidents by Thorstein Veblen. He likened them to managing directors of corporations dealing in 'merchantable knowledge', embarrassed because they could not offer their patrons statistics of productivity and turnover, driven to adopt the criteria for efficiency and success accepted in industry and commerce.

Veblen's acid sarcasm has lost its bite, but the problem he wrote about still remains. How should a university be governed and what constitutes efficiency in academic affairs? In Britain the problem has not hitherto troubled us because our universities are small compared with American ones and because the patrons of British universities have not expected professors to conduct themselves as if they were working on assembly lines for manufacturing manpower.

But the problem is going to confront us before the 1960s are over. We have to decide whether the present pattern of government and administration in our universities will be adequate for them as they double their size. Doubling the size of a university is like doubling the size of a football team: the rules of the game need to be changed. The pattern of government and administration for the civic universities closely follows that drawn up in 1880 at the foundation of the University of Manchester. There was very little change of pattern when, at the turn of the century, Leeds and Liverpool received their charters and Birmingham and Sheffield followed; and the pattern still persists in the most recent universities: Leicester and Exeter and Hull.

When the University of Manchester received its first constitution it had 600 students and an income of £21,000. A constitution unchanged in essentials now has to serve an institution with over 4,000 students and an income of some £2.5 million; and a similar story could be told of Birmingham, Glasgow, Leeds, and other universities. That the machinery of government has not broken down is a great tribute to the men who work it; but the strains upon it are great and it is not likely to survive another period of expansion.

To this further expansion the universities are already committed. Massive plans (although not massive enough for Sir Geoffrey Crowther, who speaks under the advantage that he has not had to run a university) have been made for the expansion of existing universities and the creation of new ones. In the 1970s there are to be places for at least 170,000 students in the universities of Britain. This is an increase of 60 per cent over the number of places in 1960. It will require a capital expenditure exceeding £100 million and an addition to the academic profession of some 8,000 university teachers. In anticipation of the swelling tide of students most of the smaller universities plan to double their numbers; eight of the larger universities will have over 7,000 students each; new foundations are being set up in three cities already, and more will follow.

Behind this expansion is a great deal of thinking about what should be taught in

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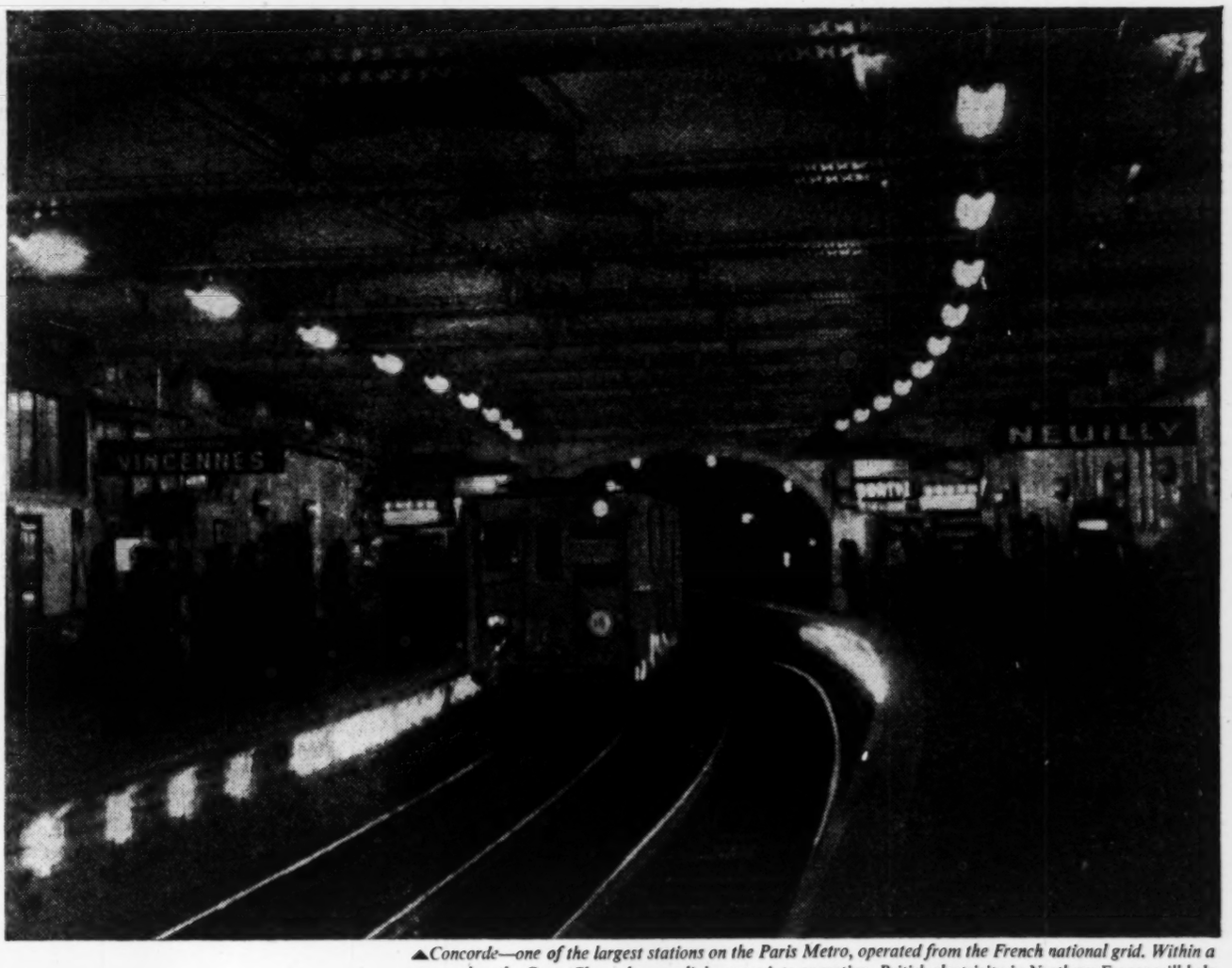

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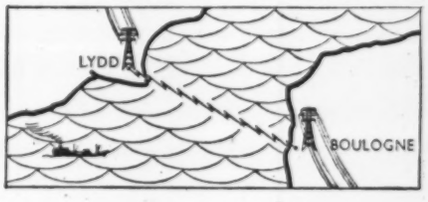
▼*The Cross-Channel power link from Lydd to Le Portel near Boulogne. The Steel Company of Wales has supplied most of the electrical sheet steel used in the rectifier transformers of the Lydd converter station.*



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universities; how teaching should be done (the University Grants Committee has just appointed a committee to enquire into teaching methods); where university teachers are to come from and how they are to be trained; where and under what conditions students should live; the design of libraries, laboratories, halls of residence, and refectories. The one subject which is not receiving enough attention is Thorstein Veblen's nagging question: how are these universities to be governed and administered?

On the one hand critics who enjoy slinging mud at Redbrick condemn the present machinery of government on the grounds that it fosters inertia and mediocrity. On the other hand professors from the security of their chairs defend a system which they are administering with an evident measure of success. It will be a pity if the problem degenerates into controversy. What it requires is prolonged and careful study, for nothing short of changes of constitution will fit universities for the expansion they have undertaken, and there is more academic inertia about changes in constitution than about most changes in universities. Indeed it is the very determination of men of goodwill to work within the present pattern of government which obscures the inadequacy of the pattern and postpones a critical examination of it.

In what way is the pattern inadequate? Although sovereignty resides in a Council composed of laymen and academics, the civic universities are in fact managed by oligarchies of professors under the chairmanship of a permanent vice-chancellor, and with the assistance of two or three laymen who have special knowledge of finance and property. This machinery of government has two outstanding imperfections. When it was originally set up its intention was to include in the process of policy-making all senior members of the university; there was a deliberate status-gap between the professor and his assistant, who was temporary and paid from the lecture fees or (in some universities) from the professor's own pocket. But it now fails in this intention, for the 'career grade' in the academic profession has become a lectureship and not a chair and the status-gap has (or ought to have) disappeared.

When the machinery was originally set up it was assumed that a hierarchy of authority was unnecessary, because the vice-chancellor could maintain frequent personal contact with all his academic colleagues. This assumption is quite unrealistic when he has hundreds of colleagues in dozens of departments. So long as the oligarchy comprised all permanent members of the teaching staff, and so long as the vice-chancellor could have all his academic colleagues to dinner at least once a year, the pattern worked well enough: problems of government and administration could be solved through direct personal consultation.

But some civic universities now have an academic staff of over 600. By and large decision-making rests with professors, who comprise about a tenth of this society. Within their departments they may (but they are not obliged to) consult their lecturers, and their lecturers have a voice (which in some universities they seem unwilling to raise) on faculty boards. At the levels of senate and council there may be a few non-professorial representatives but, with one or two exceptions, they do not find their way on to the committees where major decisions are made; and in no university is this palliative regarded as equivalent to a cure.

If this were deliberate policy, something could be said in its favour. It can be argued (though I personally would oppose the argument) that large universities ought to be run by juntas of professors. But it is not deliberate policy: it is an inevitable consequence of changing the size of the team without changing the rules. A paramount purpose of constitutions in civic universities was dispersal of responsibility for decision-making. In large universities this purpose is already in danger of defeat: the questions which committees discuss do not correspond to the questions which committees decide.

The way out lies in one of two directions. Both have serious drawbacks; either could be made to work. Universities could respond to increase in size by becoming hierarchical, as American universities are, with lines of authority through permanent deans, permanent deputy vice-chancellors (academic, financial, and so on) leading up to a remote and (possibly) frustrated vice-chancellor who thinks high thoughts in an administrative vacuum and cannot reach the *minutiae* of his job; or universities could respond to an increase in size, as Oxford and Cambridge do, by a greater dispersal of responsibility, so that lecturers have an equal opportunity with professors to take part in university government, and professors with no capacity for administration need not distress their colleagues and themselves by feeling under the obligation to administer.

One effect of this solution would be to diminish the 'leadership-role' of the vice-chancellor; but even now, to the extent that he can be said to 'manage' the university, he does so indirectly, through his chairmanship of endless committees and through personal and informal influence. He never issues a directive; he is approached through no hierarchy except a secretary-typist; his object is to ensure that the maximum number of people deal with him direct. When he has a bright idea he feeds it unobtrusively into one of his academic colleagues over morning coffee and greets it, when it comes back to his desk six months later as a faculty recommendation, with the pleased surprise which parents exhibit when children show them what Santa Claus has brought for Christmas.

This is how the vice-chancellor likes it to be. This informality is for him the compensation for having given up a professorship and his research. But in the 1970s not many vice-chancellors will be able to run universities this way. The pressure of size will drive them to become either captains of erudition or figure-heads, as it will drive professors either to disperse some of their administrative responsibility or to neglect scholarship in favour of committee-sitting.

Now is the time, and it is already late, for universities to decide which direction to take. One thing is certain: they cannot meet the challenge of the future unless their machinery of government is as up-to-date as their laboratories.

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J. GWYN MORGAN

President of the National Union of Students

It is my impression, after visits to all the universities, that the students welcome the idea of expansion, but have serious reservations. I have been studying carefully the various memoranda prepared by the Student Unions all over the country for submission to the University Grants Committee as its members go about their quinquennial visits. Well over a score of these have already been presented, and without exception they make the point that unless something is done to remedy present defects the universities cannot cope with ambitious plans for expansion.

Every memorandum, for instance, insists that it is not enough merely to increase the total number of students, for there is no guarantee that this would preserve (or restore) the balance a university should have. On grounds of national need the decision to create two new places in science and technology for every one in the other fields of study is justified. But there is no plan to control the overall distribution of these places, and it can easily happen that in the catch-as-catch-can of the university world some universities will become too heavily weighted in these faculties.

Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield and Swansea, to take some obvious examples, already have a minority of arts students and, if they expand with the proposed ratio of two science places for one in arts, then the arts students would be outnumbered to a degree which would radically change the texture of these universities. It is all very well for the UGC to indicate what size a university should be by 1970, but it should also propose the desirable proportion of the faculties within it.

Student unions are understandably concerned, as the Leeds Union observes, lest too much emphasis is given to curricula and buildings and too little to the human problems of undergraduates. It seems pointless to provide magnificent new laboratories if the students who use them live in squalor. Yet

too many students already live in conditions for which 'inadequate' is far too mild a word – old houses that have been condemned or deserted, house boats, caravans and other makeshift accommodation.

Even the present degree of priority given to new residential buildings is too low – Brighton, for example, is being given no money at all for student accommodation – and there seems little hope that building plans will keep abreast of the flood of students expected in the next five or ten years. Every union has asked for more halls of residence, but there is a general feeling that other types of accommodation should be provided. At King's College, Newcastle, the Union became tired of waiting for official action and itself bought property that was converted into student flats. Only Leeds, among the British universities, seems to have any definite plan which matches the size of this problem; it is proposing to build accommodation for 3,000 students within the precincts of the university itself.

But what of the real and earnest business of universities – the job of teaching? In these memoranda there is repeated criticism of teaching methods. There is general condemnation of lectures, and some unions support the idea of having printed lecture notes – perhaps the most pointed comment they can make on some of the lectures which students have to sit through. Oxford is not the only place where dissatisfaction with lectures is rife. Nearly every memorandum asks for more tutorial facilities, for reasons best summed up in the words of the University of Manchester Faculty of Technology Union, who think that 'in a lecture a man could learn what he was told, whereas in tutorials he could get answers to what he wanted to know.'

Library facilities are also widely criticised. Nottingham University Union states that 'to devote 3.6 per cent of total university expenditure to the library is not very good, especially when about half goes in salaries and wages rather than books'. The hours during which libraries are open seem totally inadequate in view of the fact that many students are living in lodgings which are not conducive to study, and many libraries are just not big enough. The reading room at Hull, for example, has accommodation for only 100 students.

Many unions called for a clear distinction between reference libraries and reading rooms, the latter being particularly useful for those students who at the moment take up library space when they do not require anything except a place for quiet study. In some places one might well conclude that the library regulations exist to dissuade students from studying.

Discipline at university – a matter near to the heart of every student – holds a place of importance in several of the memoranda. It is an unfortunate fact that in most universities the disciplinary machinery of the authorities can go relentlessly on, crushing a student's career in its path, and the poor unfortunate student has no right of appeal to anyone.

Many voices have been raised over the years on this issue, and many unions feel that it would be anomalous to expand university education without reforms suitable to modern conditions. It is only fair to say that some university authorities do allow the president of the union to appear on behalf of the culpable student, but these are few and far between.

Other matters on which students felt some chagrin were the inadequacy of the careers and appointments boards; the lack of real control over union facilities in some instances (for example the University of London Union); the inadequate sporting facilities, and, in particular, student health facilities. If a student has a boil or a carbuncle, he is usually capably looked after, but if he suffers mental stress on account of the pressures of university life, or for other reasons, he will be a very fortunate student if he finds adequate facilities for treatment at his university. At Hull a student even has to pay extra for the normal student health services which are provided free in all other universities.

I do not believe that any apology is necessary if the points raised above read like a chronicle of the present misfortunes of universities, because such is the mood of all the memoranda prepared by the student bodies. Most are well presented and efficiently produced, and all of them show a sense of responsibility on the part of the unions concerned. For me, the conclusion to be drawn is that the maturity of the modern student makes it essential for university authorities to recognise the value of consultation with their students on all matters relating to university expansion. The progressive authorities have realised this already. But the others have still to grow up.

Correspondence

THE FREE PRESS

SIR, – The *Spectator* was entirely accurate when it recently described the Press Council as a comic body. Its structure is exactly the same as if the members of the Wolfenden Committee had all been brothel-keepers and homosexuals. Only such a selection could make it possible for representatives of the *News of the World* and the *People* to lift George Robey eyebrows and wag fingers at the *Observer*, the *Guardian* and the *Spectator*. Don't give it teeth, Mr Christiansen? To give such an animal teeth would be like handing a prayer book to a goat.

Indolent cant about freedom of the press is exposed every time the freedom of private citizens is threatened by the tactical freedoms of snooping, prying, lying, spying, deception and calumny. 'Cure for excess may be more perilous than the disease', says Mr Christiansen. Just as penalties for drunken drivers threaten the prosperity of brewers no doubt. If some newspaper reporters cannot observe reasonable standards of decency, then these should be imposed upon them or they will mow down the privacy of every individual who is unlucky enough to get in their path. Burdened as they appear to be by a squalid competitive spirit which they carry about like a house on their backs, many newspaper men are pathologically resentful of criticism. For some time the sick prattle of many a column, with its network of hired confidence men, its tip-off pimps and tittle-tattling call girls and boys, has been severely cleaned up, even going back to the dull desperation of toadying aristocrats and millionaires. The reason for this mild reform is not because of the grim, unsleeping eye of the Press Council but consistent criticism from journals like your own and the wit and courage of individuals like Penelope Gilliatt. It is scarcely surprising that William Hickey is still carrying a knife for her; however, he may fumble and drop it.

While the standards of many newspapers and journals in this country are splendid, those of others are often despicable, and we sin against life and liberty when we do not fight their indecencies. Therefore, during that time in which the Press Council exhausts its full comic possibilities, there are some elementary steps which anyone should take to protect himself against irresponsible intrusion on his private life and freedom of activity.

1. Complain to the Press Lord. You may be surprised at the result.

2. Never say 'No comment'.

3. Say nothing.

4. Hang up.

5. It may be that you find this difficult because you are one of those people who can't help smiling back at whores in the street. What a nasty unpleasant job, you think. However, don't worry, if they didn't like it they couldn't stand it for five minutes.

6. If you are bigger than they are push them out of your way. Moral humiliation is unknown to them but physical indignity stimulates their particular rate of self-contempt.

7. Or, if you prefer, buy a large dog all teeth and no scruples.

8. Sue whenever possible.

9. If you have friends, enlist their help.

Last week I was staying in a Welsh village. I had gone there to escape from London, enjoy the peace of the countryside and to work and walk in the company of friends. Before long, by heaven knows what method, the *Daily Express* discovered my whereabouts and sent two members of its staff from Manchester to seek me out. I am delighted to say that they did not succeed. All their questions to milkmen, chauffeurs and hotel managers met with double talk. For example: 'What make of car has he got?' 'Oh, I am not sure now.' 'It's a Lagonda, isn't it?' 'No, an Austin I think.' (Unknown to them, the car being cleaned in front of their eyes was mine.)

Later: 'Did he have any women with him?' (No, they hadn't come to talk about the State of the Drama.) 'Well, he might have done, but I would not have noticed you see. Women don't accost men here like they do where you come from.'

Eventually the *Express* men went away leaving a good joke behind to be enjoyed by all. When they persist as figures of fun, reporters can be fair game too.

JOHN OSBORNE

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Dr J. W. BOAG
Canon E. F. CARPENTER
Rev B. G. B. FOX, MC
CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

SAFFRON WALDEN
7.30 pm, March 7, Town Hall
HUGH JENKINS on "CIVIL DEFENCE"

FINCHLEY
8 pm, March 10, Public Library, High Road, N2
FENNER BROCKWAY, MP
Cllr ROY CHESTERTON
Rev Canon STANLEY EVANS
MICHAEL HOWARD

EXETER
7.30 pm, March 10, Civic Hall, Queen St
Sir RICHARD ACLAND
Canon L. JOHN COLLINS
Film "Deadly the Harvest"

CND, 2 Carthusian Street, EC1
Telephone: CLErkenwell 5146

THE GREAT DRUG RACKET

SIR, – In your issue of 24 February you give some profit figures for British drug manufacturers but then go on to say that 'there are no figures for the American firms operating in this country'. In actual fact the accounts of most of these companies can be investigated at the Company Registrar's office. We recently looked up a selection of them, including those you mention, and the profits are in most cases extremely high.

For example, Cyanamid's trading profit in the last available year was £4,226,802 compared with its net assets of £4,192,272; the rate of profit was therefore a fraction over 100 per cent on the capital employed. Merck-Sharp and Dohme's profit of £2,469,817 compares with net assets of £2,176,544; the rate of profit was therefore 114 per cent on the capital employed. Pfizer's trading profit rose to £3,452,292 in the latest available year compared with £1,399,182 in the previous year. It should also be noted that in many cases the profit figures are arrived at after payment of royalties to the American parent companies.

D. J. F. PARSONS
Secretary

Labour Research Department
Drury Lane, WC2

SIR, – There is another way, less obvious and a longer term economy, which could contribute to reductions in health costs besides drugs. It is to try and provide alternative treatment. Since Brian Inglis wrote *Revolution in Medicine* in 1958 it has become increasingly admitted that a large amount of physical illness stems from emotional stress. Some of this distress is conscious, much of it is unconscious. Many of the more objective members of the medical profession believe asthma, some skin complaints, chronic indigestion and gastric trouble to be psychogenic. They regret that the only thing that can be done to facilitate sleep or tranquillise the day for those who suffer from these ills and from other so-called nervous troubles is to prescribe drugs of varying efficacy.

If the out-patient departments of hospitals, and the marriage and child guidance clinics, were staffed with a much greater number of trained psychotherapists, the long waiting lists and long gaps between appointments which exist in many places at present would decrease. A GP might then not feel it so discouraging to recommend to some of his 'regulars' to go in search of psychological help.

The training needed before a suitable person is qualified to give psychotherapeutic help is costly. At present the sums spent by the government on training psychotherapists might ensure that two or three such workers (usually doctors) are turned out every year. It would be interesting to know how many good candidates have to be refused annually because there are virtually no state funds for this education. Were the Ministry of Health better informed about the work done in the US on psychosomatic symptoms and their relief, we should by now be using more money for research into such possibilities of relief and for training more workers in this field. As it is, there is a longish period to come in which the nation will have to pay increasing drug bills, as well as those for training psychotherapists. The sooner this training is state-aided, the sooner this eventual economy will become effective.

PENELOPE BALOGH
Treasurer

Association of Psychotherapists
411 Upper Richmond Road, SW15

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UNILATERAL OR MULTILATERAL

SIR, – In our letter published in your issue of 12 February Ritchie Calder, Benn Levy and myself quoted Mr Harold Wilson's six proposals in the form in which they were reported in the *Sunday Telegraph* of 5 February. We did not endorse them in terms. In discussing the possibility of negotiating a compromise we said that the six points might form a 'fair basis' for such a compromise. The obvious implication was that there might be give and take on either side of them.

I agree entirely with Ritchie Calder in opposing the possession by Nato of all nuclear weapons.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Havana
Cuba

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

SIR, – In case anyone reading the comments by Mervyn Jones or Paul Foot on the Committee of 100 demonstration should be tempted to sit down and obstruct the pavement in Whitehall or elsewhere, may I point out that he will almost certainly be arrested and fined? The Committee of 100 will be happy to send a copy of its legal briefing to anyone contemplating such action so that he will be better informed on the matter than some of your correspondents.

Mervyn Jones is also misinformed on another point. The police gave no prior indication as to the attitude they would take to the sit-down until the demonstrators arrived at the Ministry of Defence. Indeed the latest information the Committee had on the morning of the demonstration was that the police were preparing for mass arrests and had taken over Central Hall as a temporary police station. The suggestion that demonstrators confined their squat to the pavements to comply with police demands is without foundation.

The serious question raised by Mervyn Jones is what is the purpose of civil disobedience in the present context. I agree with him that it is not enough to answer that it will secure publicity – so would walking across the Thames on a tightrope. The big task at the moment is not to publicise the existence of the nuclear disarmament movement but to persuade people that the issue is absolutely imperative and demands their attention. The knowledge that thousands of members of the community are willing to defy the law and risk prison to challenge the present policy could help to achieve this provided, of course, that the act of defiance is clearly relevant.

The demonstration on 18 February was largely symbolic. Future demonstrations, while remaining strictly non-violent, must challenge the nuclear arms programme more directly. Such direct action attacks the image of permanence and inevitability that surrounds the government's nuclear arms programme and can, at least potentially, bring it to a halt.

MICHAEL RANDLE
Secretary

Committee of 100
13 Goodwin Street, N4

UNFAIR TO WOMEN

SIR, – Katherine Cook, in your issue of 17 February, is quite right to recognise a syndrome between middle-aged men and the sexless virgin child, which no doubt is what many mature young ladies of the past century were trying to remain until marriage; but she is wrong in citing Lolita as an example of the type of child and Humbert Humbert as an example of such a male. Humbert liked his nymphets because they were sexually conscious at the age of 12 or so, and Lolita was neither sexless nor virgin when their relation began.

JOCELYNE GOODMAN

35 Mixes Hill Road
Stopsley, Luton

WELSH REVIVAL

SIR, – Thank you for your supplement on Wales. Any publicity is better than none, and we should be grateful for Kingsley Amis's friendliness. But have the three Anglo-Welsh contributors, especially Messrs Thomas and Rees (whom it would be flattery to call Welsh), got nothing better to do than tell us yet again of the decline of the language, the chapels, the singing, and the coal-mine? The minimum of bare facts was swaddled in the maximum of prose. Who would guess that in this dying language more than 50 papers and magazines are in circulation, four of them launched in the last 12 months? That last year one of the half-dozen Welsh publishers printed 50 new books, including a dozen novels? That the only sure way to fill a theatre in Swansea or Cardiff is to run a Welsh drama week? That a recent volume of poems by Gwenallt Jones sold 1,000 copies in its first month? That a Welsh Academy (literary) has been formed, and a National Books Council been promoted?

No word either of the Welsh National Opera Company, continually refused a subsidy by the government, who coddle Covent Garden with half a million a year, five times as much as is spent on the whole of the arts in Wales. Nothing of the Welsh National Youth Orchestra, on which that of England is modelled. No talk of the present revival of painting and sculpture in Wales.

No, Mr. Goronwy Rees has a more original purpose, to deliver the 571st attack on the Gorsedd of Bards at the Eisteddfod. Of course the Eisteddfod has its comic opera side – no more pathetic than the Yeoman of the Guard themselves! Mr Rees probably knows that every distinguished modern Welsh writer has either competed or adjudicated at the Eisteddfod, but no, the cheap sneer must be made.

Nowhere is this 'dying Wales' more popular than among the vultures who find that London is the best perch from which to gorge themselves on the carrion. Some Welshman are happiest kicking Wales in the teeth – perhaps they think the English will respect them for it. On every

material count, Welsh culture is doomed; one can only hope that the vultures will finally starve when they have picked all the flesh, not from the real Wales, but from the Wales-that-might-have-been which they have so parochially documented.

When in 24 years time you publish your next Welsh supplement, please ask a *Welsh* writer to contribute. There will still be some around.

GERALD MORGAN

Jesus College
Oxford

PETER SIMPLE

SIR, – I am the writer of the 'Peter Simple' column in the *Daily Telegraph*, accused by your columnist Charon of incitement to violence. This is a damaging accusation. It is also untrue. I hope you will give me space to reply.

By quoting what I actually wrote, Charon obligingly destroys his own argument. No fair-minded person who read my remarks could possibly suppose that I wished to incite violence; my purpose was exactly the opposite. I wished to point out what I believe is true – that there is a danger of continual left-wing demonstrations provoking a violent reaction and leading eventually to a situation in London like that of pre-Hitler Berlin. I do not relish this prospect. Does Charon?

Charon implies that I am guilty of racial hatred. I have no racial hatred. The whole point of what I wrote was to condemn racial hatred of whatever kind. But by his use of the word 'Belgian' as a pejorative term, Charon suggests that he is not altogether free of this aberration himself.

MICHAEL WHARTON

Daily Telegraph

ARABS AND THE WEST

SIR, – It is Mr Levenburg's refutation of Mr Crossman's assessment of the effects of the Balfour Declaration on Anglo-Arab relations that cannot be accepted without challenge. I have not often been able to agree with Mr Crossman's views on Middle Eastern questions, but, with one reservation, I fully endorse his statement that but for the Balfour Declaration 'the Arab renaissance would not have been transformed into an anti-western movement'. The reservation is that the Arab renaissance is not anti-western in any absolute sense.

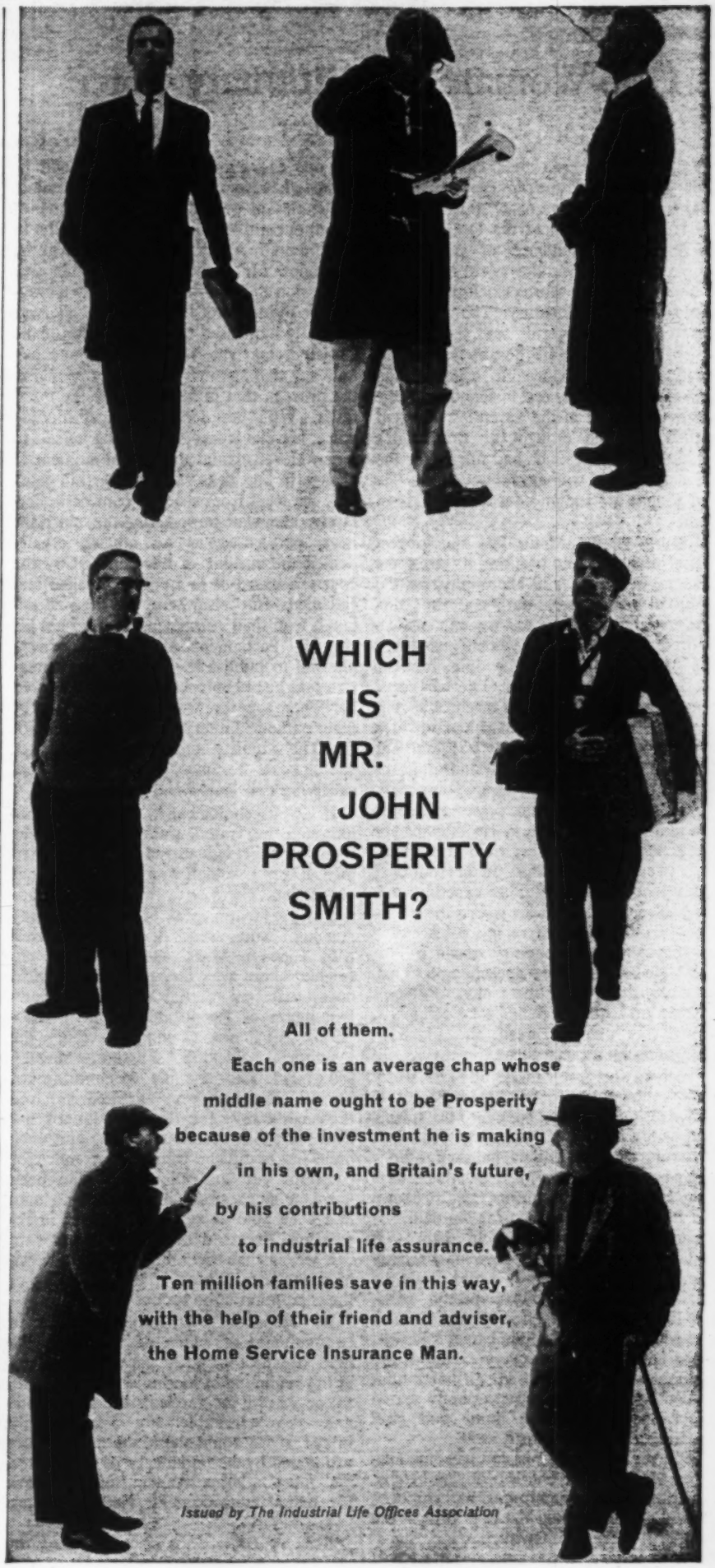
The Arab world is not hostile to the West as West. It is not opposed to western values or western culture or the western way of life. It is only anti-western in the sense that it is opposed to western colonisation or domination in the Arab world, and because the West created Israel.

If it had not been for Israel, such anti-western bias as is to be found in Arab nationalism would have passed away with the achievement of independence, as it has done in India, Pakistan and Ghana.

These examples flatly contradict Mr Levenburg's assertion that 'practically all nationalist movements in these areas have taken an anti-western character'. Of course, while the struggle for independence from western colonial rule is still on, this is inevitable. But the test comes with independence, with the complete political withdrawal of the West, and here history in the main is against Mr Levenburg's thesis. In the Arab world, the West left behind a creation which the Arabs regard both as an instrument of imperialism and as an outrage on their most sacred rights and most vital interests. A poison was injected in 1917 into the relations between Arab nationalism and the West, which embittered the struggle for independence beyond the limits normally experienced in liberation movements and made it impossible for the West to establish healthy relations with the Arab countries by merely terminating their rule over them.

EDWARD ATIYAH

Embassy of the Republic of Iraq
21 Queen's Gate, SW7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BOOKS IN GENERAL

One-Woman Expeditionary Force

V. S. PRITCHETT

'It would have been much easier for me if it had been a hostile crowd', Annie Besant said at the age of 77 to a friend as she left the platform at the Queen's Hall where a huge audience of progressive people from all over the world had come to honour her. The words catch the aggressive spirit of her century. The Victorian was a believing age; it was therefore a violent one and Annie Besant was an indefatigable if a changeable believer. She had fought against her husband and the Anglican church in the Seventies; she had battled for free thought at Bradlaugh's side in the Eighties; she had fought for the emancipation of women, for socialism. She had fought for Indian education and freedom.

Even if we regard the last and longest period of her public life, the 40 years she gave to occultism and theosophy, as the atheist's repentance, darkened by surrenders and ambiguities, we can understand that, for her, this new conversion was one more campaign, this time for the brotherhood of man. For, like all sects, Theosophy lived in a state of chronic civil war. Bernard Shaw, who had been in love with her and who was deeply hostile to her plunge into occultism and mysticism, never lost his admiration. She was a woman who, he said, was heroic in her 'power and courage and oratorical genius'. He thought her the greatest orator of her time in England and, possibly, in Europe. In her political period she was, he said, 'an expeditionary force always to the front where there was trouble and danger, carrying audiences for us throughout the country, dashing into great strikes and free speech agitations', wrecking the lives of mere men who tried to keep up with her. When they collapsed, though she was ill herself, she added to everything by nursing them.

To read the first volume of Mr Nethercot's exhaustive life of Annie Besant is above all to be thrown back into the storms that exhilarated her. We forget to what batterings against bishops, judges and politicians, to what riots, mass meetings, nagging lectures and sectarian rows, we owe the liberties we now take for granted. For Annie Besant's short part in them – it lasted less than 20 years – we must greatly respect her. But what was it that drove the young, agonisingly pious, pretty, prim, ladylike young wife of a narrow country clergyman, to a notorious career? It was, some have thought, the very excess of her concern with religion in girlhood that turned her into an atheist; certainly sexual shock made her leave home and start thinking and fending for herself.

The early photographs tell us something more. As a woman she is a boyish beauty. The little figure is determined and stubborn if it is also seductive; the eyes brim – but with will rather than with passion. She is unlikely to give in. She intends to fascinate but one can guess that she alone will be right, whenever she changes her mind. Annie Besant was accused, in due time, of impetuous pride and was said fatally to lack humour. About the latter, there can be no doubt. Mr Nethercot repeats her own confession that she was inspired by a craving for martyrdom, for as a child she was morbidly impressed by the examples of the Christian martyrs. If this is so, one can only say that she martyred many people in the process, that in her own case the quest failed. With her deep, rich spell-binding voice, her cleverness in attaching herself to a new clever man at the crucial moment of change in her ideas, with her terrific courage, she went from success to success. Certainly, she was trapped by the marriage laws, persecuted as an atheist, cruelly denied the custody of her children by the courts, accused of immorality, libelled and ridiculed. But elsewhere she and Bradlaugh won their campaigns: he *did* get his seat in Parliament at last; they *were* allowed to publish their books on population and birth control. Her children adored her when they grew up and were free of their pathetic father, and as the leader of the Theosophists and almost a goddess, she appears to have found a final and satisfying conversion and great power.

It is psychologically interesting that although her mind was given its focus when her heart was stirred by distinguished men, it was a woman who worked her final conversion. There were the splendid Bradlaugh, the sentimental but untrustworthy Aveling, who eventually allied himself with Eleanor Marx and drove her to suicide; there was Shaw, in the political days, and there was the scandalous Shaw-like figure of Leadbeater in the theosophical; but it was Madame Blavatsky, the hypnotic, rollicking Russian, sinister, fraudulent and terribly penetrating of human character, who engulfed her and thoroughly reversed the direction of her life. Mme Blavatsky's doctrine, and even more her occultism, provided an outlet for emotions and aspirations that had been dormant since girlhood and that no man had been able to awaken. Perhaps, in repression, they had become confused: we can see, in that encounter, either the dawn of a soul's fulfilment or the beginning of the corruption of an ardent mind.

Mr Nethercot's biography will be in two volumes of which we now have the first. It ends soon after the encounter and at the beginning of the Indian phase where, as we know, the farcical, the scandalous and the admirable are bewilderingly mixed. If we doubt the Mahatmas and are astounded by the impudence of Leadbeater, we must admire Annie Besant's work for Indian education. Mr Nethercot is an exhaustive biographer. He plods on in almost weekly detail through the meetings, lectures, speeches and controversies of the Free Thought, Secularist, Fabian and Social Democratic movements, the quarrels of Bradlaugh with the Socialists, of the Fabians with the Social Democrats. We go over the row with the Watts – really between Mrs Besant and Mrs Watt – about the birth control prosecution. We see Bradlaugh thrown out of the House of Commons, badly injured, his clothes torn. We hear a clergyman jeer at his distress; we hear the mass meetings howl. We see Annie Besant deserting Bradlaugh for the dubious Aveling, playing duets with Shaw, turning out for Bloody Sunday and – dressed primly no more but in the clothes of a working-class woman – on the match girls' strike committee. We see social history as Annie Besant saw it week by week. But Mr Nethercot has little sense of perspective; he trudges through his material and he is heavily cautious about her character. His book is far less readable than G. M. Williams's *The Passionate Pilgrim* published in 1931.

The quality that most impressed in her was her extraordinary vitality. She had an energy, a resilience that enabled her to live more lives than most people can manage. She was ruthless, of course. She threw over people when they had served their intellectual or emotional turn. It has been said that she destroyed Bradlaugh; this is hardly just. They never spoke of each other, after their breach, with anything but love and admiration. Her sudden conversion to Theosophy points to his failure to understand that she had emotional capacity. They worked together, they lived together, though not as lovers, in the closest intimacy. She fought beside him, urged him on, nursed him when he was ill; his spell was his total involvement in struggle, his defect – what was it? The heroic quality itself? Goodness, understanding? Perhaps, an exalted barrenness of heart. Much older than she and very worn by his struggles, he was deeply injured when she turned from the Free Thought Movement and Radicalism to Socialism, which he detested. The fact is that he could grow no more, but she had many more lives left in her. (It is interesting that, if we except the heroic Bradlaugh and the virtuously philandering and very respectable Shaw, the other people who moved Annie Besant to the sentimental and platonic passions that decided the successive phases of her mind, were not heroic or even wholly virtuous. Aveling's reputation was bad and so was Leadbeater's. Mme Blavatsky's was terrible.) The real thing that broke Bradlaugh and turned his Radicalism into that complacency which seems to inhere secretly in the Radical outlook, was not Annie Besant's desertion but the physical violence done to him in the most degrading circumstances when he was manhandled out of the House of Commons. If you want to break a man, beat him up at the right moment, break his pride physically. The frightening and most tragic aspect of Bradlaugh's case is that he got a taste of the concentration camp in the passages of the

* *The First Five Lives of Annie Besant.* By ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT. *Hart-Davis.* 42*s.*

House of Commons. He was thrown out bleeding.

The sudden conversion of a rational atheist to the unreason of Mme Blavatsky's Theosophy suggests that Annie Besant had protested too much. There is something almost overtly sexual in it. When the suspicious atheist called on the magical and very masculine lady sitting with her playing cards and in a cloud of cigarette smoke, like some old fortune-teller in a grubby gown, Annie Besant felt, she confessed, an almost horrified desire to kiss her. The new adept was caught. She was caught, one would have thought, at a bad moment, for Mme Blavatsky's reputation was at its lowest. Her mastery was, however, complete. Mrs Besant saw visions the moment she went to stay in the house, and it may be also that the 'broad' Russian laughter of the magician acted like a shock effect on the humourless enquirer. But perhaps, also, with her flair for such things, Annie Besant had detected at once a new field of power and battle, her future as the head of what was maliciously to be called 'the Besantine empire'. When, after Mme Blavatsky's death, the disciple received letters 'precipitated' by occult means from the Mahatmas – some of them dropped from the ceiling, others arrived on the table without human agency – cynical journalists regarded this as an inspired bid to rule the movement. Why else would an atheist turn to the old trade of witnessing miracles?

The public break with the National Secular Society – Mrs Besant was forced out of it, not unnaturally – occurred in the best traditions of free speech, on the platform. From then on, she was fighting for or with the Theosophists, in the halls and lecture rooms of London and ultimately of the world. The Press were delighted. She was perpetual news. At the height of the row about the 'precipitated' letters and other, often more cumbersome, manifestations from the other world, Maskelyne delighted London by demonstrating at one of his shows that anything a Mahatma could do, he could do also. Mrs Besant's faith was unshaken. Strongly and convincingly she protested that, for herself, she spoke the truth and that truth continued to be her quest. It was to seem that she became more and more evasive but one cannot doubt that, in this spirit, she pursued her enquiries and her infatuations for the next 40 years. She was a believing woman. W. T. Stead had prophesied years before that she would end up in the Roman Catholics. He was not far off the mark for the Theosophists were to call themselves the Liberal Catholic Church.

After London

We like to come to this estate for a time.
It would take three days to cross the mountains
From end to end, on foot.
Winds are high. There are no forests.

On a one-day path (once there was a drovers'
Road here but now there are no cattle)
I counted skeletons of the abandoned crofts.

PETER LEVI, S.J.

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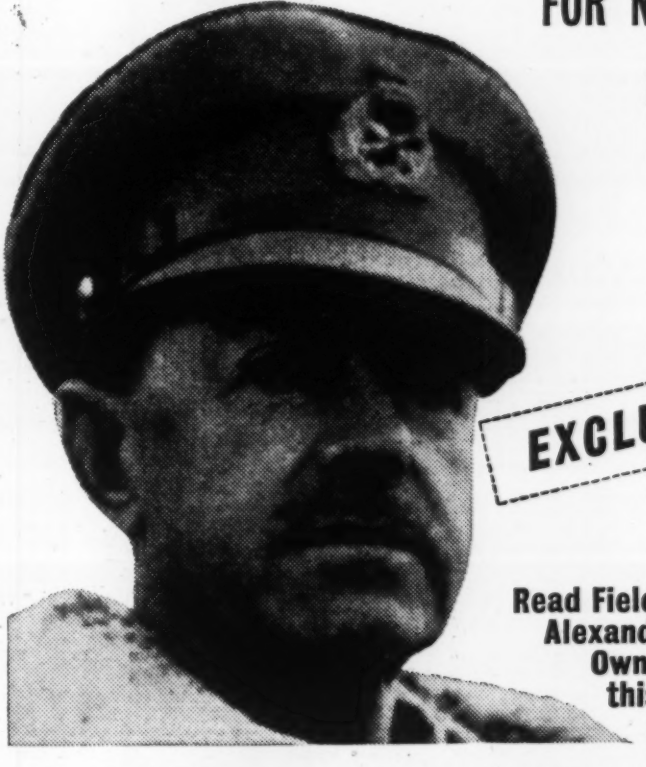

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A Memo to Us All

The Future as History. By ROBERT L. HEILBRONER. *Hamish Hamilton: Harper.* 32*s.*

The Death of Africa. By PETER RITNER. *Macmillan New York.* 34*s.* 6*d.*

'We continue to tell ourselves', Mr Heilbroner notes in this important tract on our troubled times, 'that what we need above all is a fresh sense of purpose, a fresh idea of what to do. The one thought that does not enter our mind is that what we more urgently need is a fresh sense of what to expect'. His book, addressed to his fellow-Americans but full of insights that are equally relevant to our condition, is an attempt to provide that needed perspective.

The United States, he points out, was the one society in which the optimistic philosophy of progress was a spectacular success. Democracy was not inhibited, as it was in Europe, by either the threat of social upheaval from below or the drag of a conservative past; the automatic operation of capitalist production, allied to technological change, made continued expansion seem a natural law; and a combination of physical isolation and material power enabled Americans to face the rest of the world with assurance. Now things have gone sour. Two world wars and an intervening depression destroyed confidence in progress; it is the Communist states that seem to be riding the wave of historical optimism; and the revolt of the colonial people – the ultimate heirs of 1776 – seems to be taking forms which are frightening and incomprehensible to the descendants of those who started it all at Lexington and Concord. History is no longer what Americans make for themselves but something that is increasingly made for them by others, and the change is painful.

It is little use trying to meet this new situation with conventional responses. The attempt to pin the blame on scapegoats and subversives (the demagogy of McCarthy, McCarran and others, for example) may have been emotionally comforting, but it probably weakened the morale of the American people and certainly did the US great harm abroad. Nor is more and bigger defence spending a real answer. For nuclear power, as we are already witnessing, has reduced the traditional influence of military strength on history. It provides such a devastating armoury that the price of a victory could be greater than the sum of all the defeats in past history. The point of diplomacy, therefore, is to avoid a war of such dimensions, and this means that many solutions are now accepted which in previous generations would have been the occasion for war. The less the influence of military factors, the more the strength of the other potent forces that make history. Nothing else explains the paradox that the greatest extension of Communist power took place in the period of US atomic supremacy and at a time when the US was without doubt the richest and most technically advanced country in the world.

It is not surprising that Americans – and the rest of us living in the prosperous societies of the West – should find it difficult to come to terms with this paradox. Confronted by daily evidence of growing economic strength in the Communist bloc, and of the disintegration of colonial systems, we cannot understand why we are 'losing' this contest. Our frustration is like that of the French units, splendidly equipped with modern weapons, which were driven out of Indo-China by a poorly-armed enemy they seldom saw, who in any case refused to fight in a manner convenient to the graduates of St Cyr.

Mr Ritner's book is a specific essay on this general theme. (Though overtaken by events in both the Congo and the Central African Federation, its descriptive chapters on the various parts of Africa seem to me to be informed reporting; and its warnings of the trouble to come are well-founded.) The author shares Mr Heilbroner's distaste for American complacency, which includes the spending of billions on obsolete weapon systems, and his belief that only massive aid and investment programmes will enable the western powers to come to terms with the colonial revolution.

What has happened is that the revolutionary concept of a meaningful future is, in our lifetime but for the first time in the history of humanity, seizing the minds of the masses; and it is made to seem meaningful because Communism and colonial nationalism are not inhibited by the need to subordinate economic, technological or social change to the test of the market or the controls of democracy. Their method may seem wasteful: Krushchev will give away a steel mill in circumstances that would turn a representative of the World Bank grey overnight. It may deny decencies and civilised forms of behaviour that western humanists rightly seek to preserve. But the genie is out of the bottle and we cannot stuff him back.

The most sophisticated response Americans give is the Kennedy slogan of 'moving ahead' – to ensure that the US economy starts growing again at a rate comparable to that of the Communist states – and then providing large-scale aid to underdeveloped societies. But, as Mr Heilbroner points out, even if it were politically possible for such aid to be given on a scale that matched the need, there would remain the unpalatable fact that growth for growth's sake is no good. For, as we have seen in the post-war years, it leads to an expansion that is undirected and unstable, an affluent economy supported by an enormous and semi-planned public subsector in the form of arms expenditure.

The real challenge to the United States is how to promote expansion without the stimulus of arms production, and then to ensure the proper use of the fruits of that expansion to ease the contrast between its abundance and the poverty of mankind. The complacent, who feel that the Socialist case has been overtaken by the capacity of post-war capitalism to raise living standards, are losing heart too soon, are too insular, too short-sighted. It has in fact become more urgent than ever before, because if nuclear war is avoided it will offer the only possible road forward for the advanced western societies. Without a huge increase in public investment, without a planned use of resources, without the conscious direction of the economy to ends which cannot be served by the search for profit within the market system, the Americans – and ourselves, to a degree that we are not yet ready to recognise – cannot make the adjustments necessary to survival.

That is why I hope that Mr Heilbroner's pungent and intelligent book will be as carefully read as the comparable attacks of Professor Galbraith on 'conventional wisdom'. For without jargon, indeed with a clarity that puts most left-wing authors to shame, he effectively restates the case for Socialist policies in the rich societies. They are the only danegeld the genie will accept.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Three-Quarters of a Nation

English for Maturity. By DAVID HOLBROOK. *Cambridge.* 21*s.*

When Franklin Roosevelt spoke of the deprivation of 'one third of a nation', he moved the American conscience to action. Then it was physical deprivation, but we live in a civilisation which claims also to respect the spirit. Can the English conscience not be moved, now, by the continuing deprivation of three-quarters of a nation? For this is where we are and where we look like staying, in education. Behind the feeble escape clauses of 'aptitude and ability' (as if these were fixed things) we are coldly and deliberately neglecting three-quarters of a nation, by all the standards and values of the culture and society in which we are supposed to believe.

It is not the fault of the teachers, but of all those who make or acquiesce in the usual mean and greedy excuses, and of all those who allow such people to retain power. They claim to be practical people, but if practice is living and making a living, we are now being governed by wholly unpractical men, and living in an unrealistic society. The evidence is there, but we lack the conscience and determination to act on it.

Mr Holbrook is concerned with English in the secondary school (on the jacket it says 'secondary modern' and this is the actual reference in the text). *English for Maturity* is a book for teachers, designed as a companion volume for the same author's anthology, *Iron, Honey, Gold.* The best things in the book are not matters of detail, but the evident and passionate enthusiasm and conscience of the man who has written it. At times the enthusiasm betrays him, at the limits of what he knows, or under the stress of what comes through as a certain isolation. But a commitment of this energy in part consumes its mistakes. This, almost unaltered, is the powerful challenge of F. R. Leavis, still the most significant English teacher of the century, extended and continued into a new field.

In his first part, Mr Holbrook discusses the general spirit of existing 'secondary modern' education and its environment. The analysis is freshly done, though its general outline is familiar. It points to what is described as a 'complete revision of the syllabus', at least so far as English is concerned: a movement away from exercises, and towards much more practice in language and literature as a way of developing individual sensibility and an understanding of community and tradition. The purpose is not so much to 'defend children against their environment', but to discover and nourish active and creative ways of living.

In his second part, Mr Holbrook turns to practice. He discusses method, and gives examples, over a wide range: from drama and poetry (including hymns and folksong) to factual writing and drills. He gives a number of very useful lists of books and records for use in class, and describes, with examples, some of his own teaching experiments. To read these chapters, alongside Boris Ford's recent anthology *Young Writers, Young Readers,* is to be reminded how many good English teachers we now have, in spite of all the difficulties, and how much evidence there is, from their children's work, to command real encouragement and support. At the centre of this work is an excellent periodical, *The Use of English,* written by and for practising teachers. It is because they have already done so much, under difficult conditions, that this group insist on the facts of deprivation; they have proved it to be unnecessary, and ask the rest of us to help them get rid of it. To succeed in this will, of course, need more than changes in method, or, rather, these will depend on and enforce radical changes in organisation and leaving age.

I hope *English for Maturity* will be widely read and used. I have only one major reservation: the book repeats, too casually, the familiar myth of 1870 ('Since the 1870 Education Act, education has been conceived too much in terms of the acquiring of facts'; 'the decline of our language habits since 1870'). All this is quite unhistorical, and with certain other features of the general social analysis merely delays the adequate understanding of our cultural history which we need so urgently. The educational emphasis is in general so right that we must disentangle it from the bad history which has too often supported it. This is the more necessary in that our actual history – the long struggle to emancipate and educate a whole people – points Mr Holbrook's proposals even more urgently.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

The Myth of an Artist

Modigliani, a Memoir. By ANDRÉ SALMON. translated by DOROTHY and RANDOLPH WEAVER. *Cape.* 30*s.*

Amedeo Modigliani was born at Leghorn on 12 July 1884. According to his daughter this is the only statement on which all his 400-odd biographers are both unanimous and accurate. 'A complete and well-documented biography of Modigliani', she says, 'does not and never will exist. The elements indispensable for such a work are lacking.' Her book was published in England in 1959, and in making a clean sweep of nearly all previous biographies she specifically pulverised the present volume in its French original.

That anyone should take on *La vie passionnée de Modigliani* after *Modigliani senza leggenda* has appeared here is a puzzle: why go back to the myth when we've been led as near to the truth as we're likely to get? Another odd thing is that while for the seduction of the English public the austere Italian title was gingered up into *Modigliani: Man and Myth,* the throbbing French one is discreetly cooled down, as above. Not too little, not too much?

M. Salmon's memoir, then, is part of the myth. Apart from one or two wily little flurries after gnats, camel-swallowing is the order of the day. No nonsense here about documentation: the text is full of what people *might* have said, *might* have thought. It is impossible to distinguish between fact, speculation and hearsay. But M. Salmon loved Modigliani, and this book is only one of many acts of piety towards a dead friend. Perhaps after all any book that shows us Modigliani's death-mask contains as much reality as most people can stand.

That appalling memento was wrenched from one who had been the most colourful and romantic of all the artists competing for that title in Paris at the beginning of the century. His family were liberal, cultivated, rather eccentric Italian Jews, not rich, though contrary to legend they always did what they could to help him. He was strikingly handsome, strong-willed, volatile; and tubercular from youth. In 1906, after eight years of study and travel in Italy, he went to Paris, living in

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THAMES AND HUDSON

bourgeois style as long as his small means lasted but diving headlong into debauchery as soon as poverty overtook him. There is little solid evidence from this point onwards. He was no letter-writer, he continually changed his address, he was notoriously uncommunicative, and he had no bank account or possessions to help track him down. The dating of much of his work is conjectural, his turning from sculpture to painting less definitive than has been supposed, his personal relationships many in number, often lurid in kind, but essentially beyond our reach.

His behaviour flaunted every kind of contradiction: boorishness and delicacy, scruple and utter abandon. Utrillo and Soutine were his chosen companions. Both were unpresentable. His reliance on drugs and drink increased. His dealings with women naturally show him at his best and his worst. He was capable of tenderness; but various sinister anecdotes, and such fragments as the piteous letter from Simone Thirioux, suggest that he could also be callous and cruel. His two major love affairs were with Beatrice Hastings, the strange Englishwoman who appointed herself Modigliani's war-effort, and with Jeanne Hébuterne, a young painter who bore him a daughter they couldn't afford to keep with them, and who, in January 1920, threw herself and another unborn child from a fifth-floor window a few hours after Modigliani had died.

Modigliani's pictures reconcile us to his life. I hope they may have reconciled him. Nowhere else do we find that disturbing combination of disciplined sensuous beauty, sympathy and scepticism. The people in his portraits all make the same poignant inquiry, and have resigned themselves to getting no reply.

BARBARA BRAY

Melanie Klein

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THE HOGARTH PRESS

From Both Sides of the Atlantic

Heart's Needle. By W. D. SNODGRASS. *Marvell Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Maximus Poems. By CHARLES OLSON. *Centaur Press.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

The Twist in the Plotting. By BERNARD SPENCER. *University of Reading, School of Art.* 6*s.*

Any Day. By K. W. GRANSDEN. *Abelard-Schuman.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Imaginings. By DAVID HOLBROOK. *Putnam.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Poems in Scots and English. By WILLIAM SOUTAR. *Oliver & Boyd.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

W. D. Snodgrass is a poet of personal and distinct perceptions: on-coming winter, a view of marshland, a flight of white birds, he makes us re-see these things from the sharpened instances he gives them.

The poet, he tells us in a note, will only know his self 'through its interactions with the world around it', and in the above instances (there are many others) one watches that discipline at work. Snodgrass's other tenet is, he says, the 'very old-fashioned measure of a poem's worth – the depth of its sincerity'. This, no doubt, takes care of the poet rather better than it takes care of the verse (Felicia Hemans also believed in 'sincerity'). It is the guiding factor in the sequence of poems on his divorce and his relations with the daughter of his first marriage. Remarkable as parts of these are (one thinks particularly of Poem 6), they are a little too slack and a little too restricted by that growing tendency among poets to rely, less on the larger truths of poetry, than on the pathos of the smaller domestic truths ('I have been in a mental hospital,' or 'Really, I only stick to my dull job because of my pension').

At the same time, it is evident that the divorce sequence represents a growing point for Snodgrass and it contains many fine local felicities as when, among the stuffed animals, he observes the symbol of an all too human fate:

> with horns locked in tall heather,
> two great Olympian Elk stand bound,
> fixed in their lasting hate
> till hunger brings them both to ground.
> Whom equal weakness binds together
> none shall separate.

That is splendid, and Mr Snodgrass is an engaging poet. But before we pin on him all our hopes for the future of American poetry (he has been awarded the Pullitzer Prize), we must give him time to grow and to acquire a structure as convincing in its total effect as it is now charming, apt and strong in its parts.

One suspects that Snodgrass, with his all too evident modesty and reticence, will get something more than justice and Mr Olson, brusque and irritable, something less. Olson has written in his *Mayan Letters* of the poet's need to recover the sense of personality and place; his uneven study of Melville, *Call Me Ishmael* contains some brilliantly intuitive reflections on the nature of American space; and on that other variety of space, the typographical, of which Mallarmé has spoken as 'significatif silence qu'il n'est pas moins beau de composer que les vers', Olson has some memorable pages in his manifesto, *Projective Verse*. Something of each of these concerns appears in *The Maximus Poems* and it is interesting to see that fragmentation, beginning with the subjectivity of 'Un Coup de Dés', supplying the method for a new objectivism in American poetry.

Our reading of the Americans – of Stevens, Williams, Miss Moore and Miss Bishop, of the best work in the *Cantos* – has been a long, sad history of too little and too late.

If *The Maximus Poems* pass unsaluted, it will be one further instance of the Englishman's incapacity to read modern American verse with sympathy.

Olson's writings require patience – patience (which is not condonation) at sheer wilfulness in tone and presentation. For, deprived of any sounding-board against which to pitch his voice, of any assured sense of even the smallest community of shared values, Olson becomes shrill or, like Pound, indulges in testy monologue studded with over-personal references.

There exists, however, over and beyond these broadcast weaknesses, an emphatic assertion of raw talent, a determination that there shall be further commerce between the world of Whitman and that of Pound. An impossible marriage? An uneasy one, at all events, but resulting in a tension that can produce the humility of 'Maximus, to himself' (Letter 12), the lyric on Miss Jean Harlow (Letter 13), the 'tansy city, root city' of Letter 3, where Gloucester, Massachusetts, is arraigned

> in the present shame of,
> the wondership stolen by,
> ownership

and where the scent of the growing tansy recalls the virginity of place, place that must be recorded and re-revealed by poets in a difficult time:

> what can we do
> when even the public conveyances
> sing?

In the pervasive fishing images of the poems, their role is

> . . . to read sand in butter on the end of lead
> and be precise about what sort of bottom your
> vessel's over.

'The race,' says Olson, 'does not advance,/it is only/better preserved.' Maximus isn't taken in by the plausible ethics of production; he must keep something of the white bareness of New England clapboard houses:

> In the land of plenty, have
> nothing to do with it.

Perhaps one should add that the revisions in Letter 1 read less successfully than the version published at Stuttgart in 1953 – a measure of the fact that Olson is too reckless an improviser always to be aware of the quality of his own scattered and untidy *trouvailles*.

And what else have we? There is some pleasant unpretentious verse – no chances taken and no great losses sustained. Mr Spencer gives us a series of snapshots, sometimes with terse commentary. Mr Gransden, with great care, goes in search of poems which too seldom come in search of him. Mr Holbrook writes with shaggy energy that, at times, has an odd air of self-congratulation. Thus, 'To His Wife Going to Bed' dissociates itself a trifle priggishly from Donne's 'To His Mistress Going to Bed', in favour of a sort of Lawrence *moralisé*. He has impeccable positives, but is he a poet?

There remains William Soutar. His Scots poems (he is no great shakes in English) are minor classics of the Scots revival, with a sure relation to traditions going back to Henryson, sharp, witty and mostly brief. It is a heartening sight to observe a poet of secondary rank realising instinctively just what he can do and doing it magnificently.

CHARLES TOMLINSON

Kidglove and Velvet

Matthew Arnold and the Decline of English Romanticism. By D. G. JAMES. *Oxford.* 18*s.*

Those who know the writings of D. G. James, particularly his *Scepticism and Poetry*, will be delighted to see a new volume from his hand, even one so lacking in bulk as this, and delighted too that the cares of his office as Vice-Chancellor of Southampton haven't put a stop to his original investigation into literary theory. Dr James is a comparatively – well, superlatively, I suppose – rare bird in this country, a critic with a delicate literary sense who is also philosophically informed and competent. This is a combination of qualities which makes his criticism refreshingly different – neither a belle-lettristic fluting in swallowed half-tones nor the other technological, plumbing kind, in which little is heard but the rushing of the pipes. Dr James's manner is limpid, positive and urbane, his voice a genuinely distinctive one, feeling and sincere but also elegant and turned. His book consists of lectures delivered last year at the University College in Aberystwyth and they must have fallen gratefully on the ears that heard them there. Why, had there been a sufficiently hardy foreign correspondent available, a sort of undergraduate Peter Fleming, he might well have got a pat on the back for them from *Isis*.

Dr James's literary tact and philosophical capacity make his commentary on the great romantic poets lucid and judicious. He measures exactly what a fall there was in authority and passion from the *Lyrical Ballads* to Matthew Arnold's moon-blanched agitations. Nor does he have much trouble in displaying the marked superiority in coherence and comprehensiveness of the romantic, or rather Coleridgean, conception of poetry over Matthew Arnold's theorising. Strict intellectual coherence, the logic of abstractions as the philosopher understands it, wasn't Arnold's speciality and when he went in for it he was apt to decline into ambiguity, obscurity and grandiloquence and perhaps not without a certain exasperating complacency about this incapacity. Everybody knows what F. H. Bradley did with his sharp, spinsterish scissors to Arnold's 'eternal stream of tendency not ourselves making for righteousness', and Dr James obligingly brings it up again. Not that some people won't find it a bit thick to have Bradley, with all that contemporary philosophers have said about *him*, showing up Arnold for cloudiness and obscurity.

But Dr James isn't satisfied with demonstrating, very neatly and acutely too, Arnold's philosophical incompetence. He finds him maddeningly deficient in committedness and dedication, 'fluid, uncommitted and imprecise'. He reminds us of the powerful religious influences of Thomas Arnold and Newman which bore on his Rugby and Oxford life, and he contrasts with these profoundly rooted convictions Arnold's unfixed character and a-religious temperament. I am always surprised when a man is *blamed* for lack of religious faith. I can see that the Almighty might with justice take this line, but I am taken aback when His friends do so. Why should they find it culpable in others not to believe? In any case I myself find that Arnold's liberalism has many distinctly more attractive features in it than his father's Hammer-the-Goths kind of religion. And after all, there are other forms of committedness and dedication beside the theological one. Arnold did conscientiously dedicate a large part of his life, in what must have been for him particularly horrible circumstances, to the grind of education; and there will be many who will want to attribute to Arnold's labours some of the best and most humane elements of our educational system.

The truth is that Dr James cannot bear Arnold as a person He is imprecise. He wants to improve us. He goes back on himself and doesn't much mind when he does. He is an intellectual dandy. The attitude is exactly that taken by Bridges in his correspondence with Hopkins when he called Arnold, 'Mr Kidglove Cocksure'. 'He was the slave of his temperament', says Dr James. But many people would be inclined to say that he was the master of his temperament, and that his temperament, with its exquisitely just literary sense, its marvellous feeling for society, its culture and its sensibility, was one of the finest instruments of literary criticism English literature has produced. 'I have more reason than you for disagreeing with him and thinking him very wrong', Hopkins replied to Bridges, 'but nevertheless I am sure he is a rare genius and a great critic'.

And when one thinks of Arnold's greatest critical achievement, that decorous and easy grace, that unfought-for control and balance with which he performs the tight-rope walk between judgment and principle (because he had principles but the appropriate kind, literary not philosophic principles), when one thinks of this uninterrupted supple flow, one is sure that Hopkins's is the right view not Bridges's or Dr James's. The kid in Arnold's glove will prove more durable than Bradley's mitten or Dr James's velvet – however heavily loaded with iron the latter may be.

WILLIAM WALSH

Brief Encounters

The Tragedy of Apartheid. By NORMAN PHILLIPS. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.*

Jacaranda. By GERALD HAMILTON. *Sigwick & Jackson.* 21*s.*

An American scholar was on a study-visit to this country. After he had been here six months I asked him whether he would write a book on England when he got back. 'No,' he replied; 'I've been here too long.' Mr Phillips and Mr Hamilton only spent a few weeks in South Africa, so they qualify.

Mr Phillips, a Canadian foreign-news editor, was foolishly arrested by the South African authorities after Sharpeville. He has now written a book about it. His facts are mostly correct, though we've heard them all before. The photographs are suitably macabre, though we've seen most of them before. Once again we hear about 'Mr Drum' going to gaol, about African prisoners made to do the 'Tausa dance'. He warns us of the danger of the Pan-Africanist movement; but he does not tell us that, in the phrase 'Africa for the Africans', the word 'Africans' is used, at least by Mr Sobukwe, the leader, to describe 'any South African, black or white, who accepts majority rule'. Mr Phillips says things about the Dutch Reformed Churches which weren't

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true when he wrote (*eg.* the old *canard* about the theological identity between predestination and white domination), and have become less true since. Mr Phillips's heart is in the right place. His notebook sometimes wasn't.

Mr Hamilton defends the Nationalists, but it is a half-hearted defence which won't please them, and anyway is so ill-informed that it had better not. Having said on page 17 that the word 'Native' is misleading, he proceeds to use it till page 58; then switches to 'Bantu' for the rest. He calls the Archbishop of Cape Town 'the Reverend de Blank' (which is either ignorance or discourtesy); and then suspects him of hypocrisy because the Anglican Cathedral School is for 'Europeans only'. Has Mr Hamilton never heard of the debate between the Archbishop and Mr Eric Louw, when the latter made the same accusation, and the Archbishop challenged him to alter the law so that Anglican schools could be opened to non-whites? (Mr Louw didn't reply.) Mr Hamilton says that Father Huddleston was treated for diabetes at Baragwanath Hospital, yet never thanked the authorities. This is a monstrous accusation. Father Huddleston could not be treated in a non-European hospital (has Mr Hamilton not heard of apartheid?); and in an appeal on the BBC Father Huddleston not only praised this Government Hospital but asked that £100 from the appeal be sent to one of its funds. Mr Hamilton could have checked this.

He interviews Chief Luthuli, tries to be sympathetic, and then accuses him of 'obstinacy and hatred' – quite unaware that Luthuli's phrase 'hating the whites' is a quotation from Mr Alan Paton's novel. He repeats the meaningless argument that it is the whites' taxes which make up the £40m p.a. spent on 'the Bantu'; and that the black people don't work hard, so that white industry must 'pay their labour what it is worth'. Any conversation with a South African economist would have put him right. He even fails to correct the absurd figure given at first, by guesswork, for the crowd at Sharpeville (15,000-20,000), which was denied as long ago as last May. But below these details of inaccuracy there is the basic inability to see that if you reject racial discrimination (as Mr Hamilton claims, in his more liberal moments, to do) then you reject apartheid. Mr Hamilton writes pleasantly of South African wines, of his meals (he prints the menu) on the Blue Train, and of his first-class cabin on the Union Castle line. It is nice to know that he enjoyed his trip.

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New Novels

The Middle Tree. By JOAN O'DONOVAN. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

London E.1. By ROBERT POOLE. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

The Loser. By PETER USTINOV. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

There Must Be a Pony. By JIM KIRKWOOD. *Cape.* 16*s.*

There are some writers who seem to have put in a takeover bid for a small corner of the world, a particular type of person or a particular kind of predicament. They work and worry and nag at a single situation over several books and eventually it becomes an impertinence for any other author to go over the same ground. Miss Joan O'Donovan is one such writer. She has taken over a world of women, or part of a world of women, the part in which sex isn't a passion but a problem, where relationships not only between men and women but between women and other women are violently important. It is going to take an author of some stature now to dislodge her from this position.

The Middle Tree concerns Jenny Brown, a young teacher in a thuggish elementary school in London, and her search for a quiet kind of love to suit her own personality, which is one starved not of sex but of solid family love. She gets involved with a tooth-sucking Communist colleague who gets her in bed as part of a recruiting campaign; she champions a (beautifully-drawn) young illiterate 12-year-old because he apparently has roughly the same kind of home problem as herself: neurotic mother, weak, sly-drinking stepfather, father who vanished when she was a child. She finishes up with nothing.

I would go further into the subject of the O'Donovan country but I would rather use space stressing the point that this is an immensely readable and enjoyable book. Miss O'Donovan has a wonderful sense of character. Her cockney children are a delight, their dialogue excruciatingly right even if phonetically difficult. ' 'Ere, I gotter job, miss; ar'er school and Sat'dys, 'elpin' a man, a fingy . . . what'sit . . . greengrocer. I take ve orders f'r'im.' Her characters, even the minor characters, are different from each other, they talk differently and seem to breathe, even, at different speeds. Above all, in spite of the high purpose behind her novels and the depth of pity in them, Miss O'Donovan is a storyteller, one of the privileged few who can get down there in the market-place and gather the people around them with a well-told tale.

Although I stand as guilty in this connection as the next writer, I am beginning to wish that people would stop writing first novels about their childhood. There are only so many childhood games that can be described, only so many street cries that can be evoked, only so much bickering between children and adults that the reader (if, that is to say, he is reading a dozen such novels a year) can take. And so it was with a sense of relief that I found *London E.1* to be something more substantial than the usual 'moving' story of childhood. Although the main character starts as the typical 11-year-old boy, Mr Poole moves him forward 12 years in the story of his efforts to 'improve himself', and in the course of this journey he deals, very vividly sometimes, with East End life as it is lived not by one family – the usual fault – but by a whole community. It is true that his characters are sometimes 'characters' in quotes, a bit too London-belongs-to-me, but when they're authentic, they're good. Funny, though, how Joan O'Donovan's cockney dialogue is so much better than Mr Poole's, when he was brought up on it.

Mr Ustinov, who can imitate just about anybody, has given us in *The Loser* a very skilful imitation of a novelist. He has got a good Ustinov plot, a love story set against the background of a crazy mixed-up Europe, about a German officer who – having destroyed an Italian village during the war – returns, denazified by love, to his young Florence prostitute, is caught, and executed as a war criminal. It is a long, cosmopolitan story, written in a level, matter-of-fact, anyone-can-write-a-novel-if-they-keep-their-heads style. 'Hans Winterschild was born on the 17th of October, 1920, in the little town of Langensalza, on the border separating Prussia from Thuringia.' There. Nothing wrong with that, is there? A simple sentence laying out several simple facts. But the trouble is that the book is more or less like that the whole way through. Mr Ustinov has here produced some *material* – material for a film or a play, probably.

'If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like . . .' – 'If you want to know the truth – it just about kills me to go over the whole thing . . .' The first of course is genuine Holden Caulfield and the second is Brand X – in this case a character called Josh, hero of *There Must Be a Pony*. Usual 16-year-old boy, usual sensitive nature, usual precociousness; the added ingredient being that his mother is a film star who gets mixed up in a murder. This isn't a bad novel as this kind of novel goes, but if you want to know what I think, if you really want to know, it's getting nowadays so that there are as many goddam Salingers as there used to be goddam Hemingways, and boy, that's saying something.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

Arabs in Perspective

Arab Nationalism and British Imperialism. By JOHN MARLOWE. *Cresset.* 30*s.*

Mr Marlowe has written a very daring book. There is nothing new in it, and not very much that is original. But it is a good book and an important one because he has done something that far too few statesmen, politicians and publicists ever try to do. He has stopped digging for more facts and looking for more inside stories. All he has done is to step back and look at one of the major problems of our time with nothing more pretentious than informed – extremely well-informed – common sense. He presents what in military terms would be called an appreciation of the Middle Eastern situation as it is today and how it came about. In other words, he is more concerned with opinions than with information. But unlike so many other writers on the Middle East, he shows why he has reached his conclusions.

A casual reader turning the pages might well put the book down with the impression that he knows it all. But he would be sadly mistaken: Mr Marlowe seems to have that rare quality of being able to discern the essentials of very confusing and muddled situations. The resulting pictures of the evolution of Arab nationalism and the prospects of peace in the Middle East are very different from those which are generally fashionable – if only because he comes out as being not a pro-somebody or anti-something. He brings the same informed and judicious mind to bear on the French and the Russians, on the British and the Arabs, on Nasser and the Zionists.

He has great sympathy for the emerging Arab nationalism. He sees the Arabs turning the tables on the imperialists by trying to exploit the advantages of their geography, history and of the divided state of the world, instead of being exploited because of them. But he does not belong to that group of Arabophils who have taken over from the Lawrentian generation the romanticising of the new Arab nationalism. Marlowe sees the reality not the legend.

He appreciates fully, what so many British authorities on the Middle East deny, that the Palestine war provided the spark that set off the revolutionary explosion of the Arab world and the elimination of Britain as a power factor in the Middle East. And from it, he also traces the rise and decline of President Nasser's position in the Arab world. This is one of the most significant interpretations in this book. The principal reason for Nasser's declining popularity in the Arab world is the slow realisation that he was incapable of defeating Israel. For this, Marlowe showed earlier, had become the testing ground for every Arab leader.

Until 1955, Nasser had tried to avoid being drawn into this whirlpool which Arab nationalism had created for itself. But then he was sucked into it. He left the Israelis with no alternative but to forestall his threatened invasion, and he was saved from the consequences of his policy by the follies of the British and the French. Marlowe does not take sides over Suez but tries to look honestly at the consequences for all concerned – not least the Israelis.

What he has to say on the subject of the Arab refugees is startling in its implication. For he sees the refugees faced with the realisation that their chances of getting Palestine back as a result of war have become negligible, if not hopeless. He sees them changing from the spearhead rejecting peace into the advance guard of the Arabs who will insist on some form of negotiation. No less interesting is his analysis of the changing power structure in the Arab world. The men who matter are not so much Nasser, Kassem and Saud, but the technicians who run both the affairs of their countries and also their political masters – Yunis, Tariqi and their Iraqi equivalent, if there is one yet.

In a book of this kind there are of course many opinions and conclusions that will be challenged or that might need further consideration, but the thesis is one which no serious discussion on the future of the Middle East can ignore. The only thing completely wrong with it is the title; it has no more bearing on the contents than British imperialism has real influence left in the Middle East.

JON KIMCHE

Eastern Frontiers

The Hills of India. By HENRY GIBBS. *Jarrolds.* 25*s.*

Henry Gibbs is a novelist as well as an amateur archaeologist who wandered through Persia, Afghanistan, West Pakistan, Kashmir, Nepal and Assam. But *The Hills of India* is more than a story of his journey. Describing these 'silent areas of history and legend', he also introduces us to the overriding question of today – whether there can be coexistence between widely different cultures, ideologies and tempos of industrialisation and technology on opposite sides of the Himalayan divide.

This juxtaposition creates a schizophrenia within the uncommitted countries, and the author cites Afghanistan as a typical example; the only paved surfaces in the country are the Kabul streets paved by Russian aid, and ending at the city boundaries; regular jet services to Russia and India fly over miles of roadless, primitive landscape; transport in Kabul is a bewildering mixture of American cars, Russian jeeps, pre-war Japanese bicycles, horse-drawn tongas and 'tawny huddles' of camels looking moth-eaten and supercilious.

The Hills of India describes a visit in the post-Bandung period, when Chou En-lai, having polished off his political marriage of convenience with Nehru, embarked on a campaign to isolate India. Henry Gibbs makes the dramatic, though over-simplified, equation of Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai with Alexander. 'The cry is Communism, not *homonoia*. The drive is west, not east. Persepolis was one city along the route of Alexander; Lhasa was one city along the route of Mao.' He considers that the 'armed penetration' of Ladakh and Assam was 'deliberately planned' and the consequences 'foreseen clearly'. No one can doubt the logic of his concluding point that whatever may be China's next steps, and however close or competitive may be her relations with the Soviet Union her absence from the UN is political madness and ostrich diplomacy.

This is not only a very readable book; it is an opportune warning that the struggle for control of the Himalayan hinge of Asia did not end when Britain withdrew from India or the Communists won China.

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REYNER BANHAM

'It's an ill wind,' said the light blue spokesman, 'Hugh's *non placet* has done Denys a power of good – dons are so mad keen to prove they're not fuddy-duddies they'll pass anything as long as it's modern.' Typically, this was unfair to everybody except Cambridge. Whatever random shaft of academic paranoia might have blasted the roof off Sir Hugh Casson's and Neville Conder's proposed lecture hall, Denys Lasdun's Cavendish Labs scheme and Fitzwilliam House project would have gone through on their architectural merits. But the picture of the Cambridge attitude to architecture is not, unfortunately, unfair – only exaggerated. Conflicting stylistic lobbies and sundry pressure-groups circulate intellectual blackmail with the port and flourish the long knife in King's Parade for all the world as if they were paid-up MAs of the other place electing a professor of poetry.

What they are doing, in fact, is preventing serious consideration of large chunks of real estate whose functions and forms are going to have a lasting effect on the future intellectual life of Britain. As we stand, Cambridge's record is not too bad (the best in this country, but that isn't saying much), with most of the rest of the Casson-Conder work in Sidgwick Avenue coming on fast; Shepherd's and Robson's Churchill College well under way; David Robert's work for Clare completed and already part of the Cambridge scene; Sandy Wilson's lecture hall behind Scroope Terrace in use; King's Hostel on the Market Place, by Architects' Co-Partnership, nearly finished; and the Stirling-Gowan scheme for Selwyn pending. But after the *non placet* affair, no one can trust the Senate not be swayed by ga-ga antiquarians exploiting the subjection of Cambridge thought to the mood and mode of the moment.

The worst of this, of course, is that where the Ivy Twins lead, the Redbrick multitude follow, only with greater unction. There is no riper form of academic hypocrisy on the market than that of a Bursar or Chancellor from the Lucky Jim belt who deplores 'the degree-factory approach in higher education' and goes right on building halls of residence so far out in the suburbs that his students have to commute further than the local factory hands do, quite apart from the fact that the worker can at least commute back to a normal family household, not a barracks for neurotic juvenile delinquents (a student's description, not mine). This, like the attacks of frivolity in Cambridge, stems from a disastrous failure to make a clear concept of what university architecture has to do, as distinct from other kinds of architecture. The architects who have led the fight against the squalid unplanning that threatened to ruin British universities, found themselves forced to think out a university from first principles, because nobody else in the academic lark had any first principles sufficiently precise to be turned into architecture. Hence, architects found themselves forced to point out that to have collegiate life, you have to have collegiate planning. The result, unfortunately, is that courtyard planning is suddenly fashionable, without the rest of the message having got through.

The basic reason for drawing attention to Quads was that they were, at least *visibly*, related to some form of concept of a university, which was better than having no visible relationship to any concept at all, like most of the immediate post-war university buildings in Britain. But it is a building-form that is related to only one concept of a university. It makes sense even on the wrong side of the Backs, but I am not sure it makes equally good sense at Knighton in the suburbs of Leicester. Sir Leslie Martin's and Trevor Dannatt's new quad-plan halls of residence there are a handsome enough group of buildings in themselves, but one fears that they will be the precedent for some of the dimmer redbrick Bursars to set their architectural golfing cronies building bijou quadlets as far as ever from university centres.

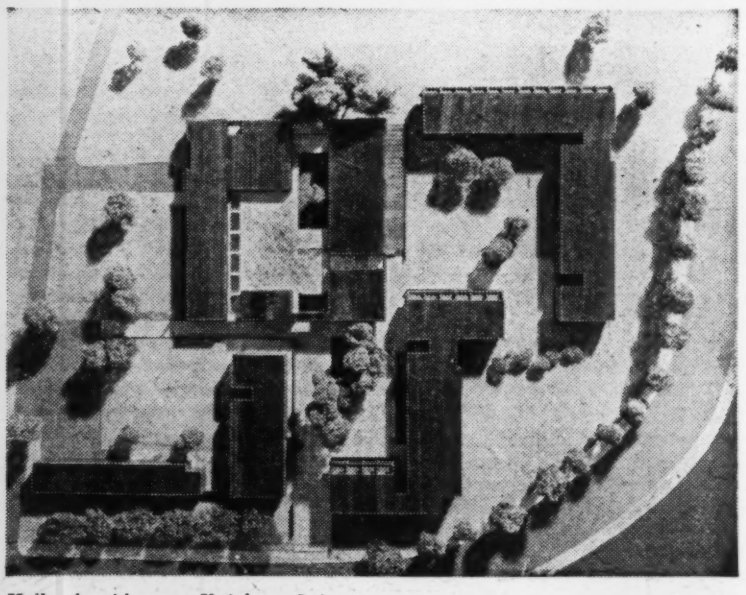
This worry would not arise if anywhere around the country any university were genuinely trying to find out what its architectural needs were, and trying to form a picture of itself as a comprehensible community that could be planned for (one or two individual Cambridge colleges are excused this stricture, but only one or two). Even where universities have been planned from scratch the picture is no brighter – Keele's record of muffed opportunities in architecture will take a long time to erase.

But, with a *nouvelle vague* of spit-new universities just ahead of us, something must be done, urgently. Brighton is already committed to its main buildings – Basil Spence and very promising – Norwich and York are just about to pass out of the paper stage, Cheltenham - Gloucester is not so far advanced. But in those that *are* advanced, basic planning mistakes have been made already (though the Minister is still in a position to force Norwich to go back and start again, simply on town-planning grounds) and, these mistakes having been made, salvation lies in getting the architecture right.

Taking these three, or four, together there is enough money and building involved to start up a development group and do for university architecture what the Ministry of Education and other development groups have done for schools. The University Grants Committee commands the talent to form the nucleus of such a group tomorrow, and there would be plenty of keen young architects ready to join the venture. Of course, the UGC, with its hand resting on the key to the cash, could *force* the baby varsities to join such a venture, through simple financial pressure – except that it is committed to the money-without-strings orthodoxy. On the other hand, moral suasion by the UGC, when attempted, simply produces 'How dare you, we're not a lot of primary schools', etc. etc. But something will have to be done, and if Government money must be unstrung, what about Gulbenkian or Nuffield money?

We need a pile of research on living accommodation for unnatural aggregations of intelligent, highly-strung adolescents working under high mental and emotional pressure, for a start. The right answer may well be boarding out with families, but we need to *know*. We need to know the difference in social structure of compact and dispersed universities in relation to different sizes and types of towns (*eg.*, London *works*, in spite of its size). More must be known, in the case of these municipal-prestige foundations, about what they can contribute to the town in the way of shared facilities as well as the intangibles of their intellectual presence. And we need a lot of research on the simplification of structures and the reduction of their costs, so that more of the budget can go into better services inside and decent landscaping outside.

Above all, we need clearer reasons for having universities than 'If we don't do it quick, Ipswich (Scarborough, Bournemouth or whatever) will get it instead.' Only when there is a justification that an architect can respect, firmly stated, will there be decent university architecture. At present, the only university client who seems to have a clear and firmly held idea of what his college should be, is Alan Bullock. It will be an irony that is deserved all round if it should be on St Catherine's Danish-designed walls that an English student should first feel inspired to scrawl *Et in Arcadia ego* – it will probably be a science man, at that.



Halls of residence at Knighton, Leicester

Coming of Cowboy

H. A. L. CRAIG

I bring dismal news. *The Connection* at the Duke of York's is not playing to the capacity that it should. If this indicates early closing, I urge immediate booking. *The Connection* is a work that out of darkness and doldrum produces animation and light. Its chill blanket may have the desired effect and cause pneumonia; I promise you will see far in the fever.

The Connection asks the largest questions – or rather you, watching it, ask its questions for it – about the meaning of existence. Does a man own himself as a slave? Has he absolute rights over himself? Can he destroy himself for six days to be happy on the seventh? Such quodlibets dissolve in any curate's cup. In the intense situation of this play, they are a form of violence. Most words in *The Connection* are sledge-hammer on the skull: the real communication is the nice precision of a needle in the vein. Every question must wait until heroin makes reply.

A dozen drug addicts in a New York flat are waiting the coming of Cowboy, the heroin pedlar or 'connection'. The lucky ones are half-conscious, the unlucky watch through the window. Each man is a host to maggots. Obviously, with a step to the window and a stride to the ceiling, Jack Gelber could have made *The Connection* a straight 'drama', mellowed by jazz. We'd have taken our kicks in the theatre and gone home unhurt. Instead Mr Gelber has dared not to kick us and has left us going around in circles, home without conclusion, except the strange, sad certainty that we know nothing; that our moral outrage is irrelevant; that other and very different attitudes exist; that we have not even the right of pity.

Mr Gelber hooks us neatly with his question mark. Is life so meaningless that man's highest independence is to throw it away? It is a mood we are getting to know in the contemporary theatre. It offers, of course, only a desolate prospect of a night's entertainment but it can help us to see through one of our walls. It is a question proper to our maturity. When nine-tenths of the plays you have seen are fast asleep, *The Connection* will be awake and walking around inside you.

The heroin addict is a man buried alive in himself. To bring his characters to some surface, Mr Gelber uses the primitive technique of making a film about what his play is about. This allows him one terrible instrument, light. 'Take him,' the cameraman says, and immediately the addict is suffering, clawing, ticking, under a blinding light.

But only so far as they achieve their purpose of jerking up the 'junkies' do Mr Gelber's tricks succeed. He is best when he is not trying to make a play. Sister Salvation, of the Army, comes in to parade the poverty of religious salvation. She is meant also to be light relief but she is heavy enough to knock the tension into farce. In addition, a producer and a writer come bombilating up from the audience: 'Just act naturally'; 'This is the ad lib part', etc, but their double-take, their pirandelloing with the reality of *The Connection*, is coy make-believe.

But I proceed on the principle that if I like a work I am not fascinated by its faults. *The Connection* is far better than any of its

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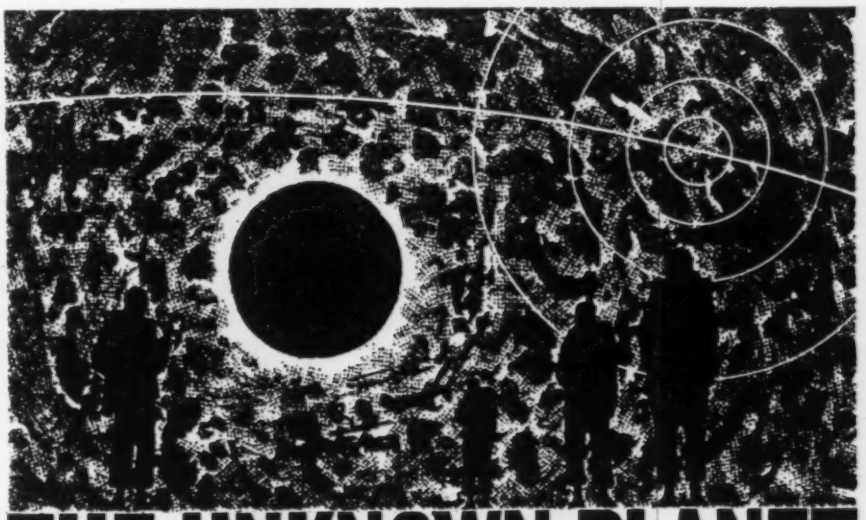

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mistakes. It has the power to draw you to the edge of your seat. The beginning of the second act – when Cowboy has come and the addicts go, turn about, into the bathroom to receive their 'fix' and emerge rubbing at the punctures in their forearms – has the excitement of seeing your bank on fire.

The Connection also has the pleasure of Freddie Redd and Jackie McLean playing jazz on stage. This jazz serves the dramatic interest of the play wonderfully well. The addict, confused and parched in speech, finds a clear cool tongue in the alto-sax. Drugs and drink don't mix: but drugs and jazz are on perfect speaking terms.

But 'junkies' don't sit well under the balconies of the Duke of York's Theatre. Such a weight of ornament would try the balance of Simon Stylites. There is a difference between an actor letting a slob-word run down his chin and an actor raising a mutter to the roof. That difference is important to *The Connection*. It needs intimacy – an audience so close they catch the smallest spasm in this play of twitch; an audience that is participating, breathing with the actors, catching their rate of pulse, bored with their boredom, and leaping with their ticks.

Anyone going to this play brings himself to it in a most curious way; and the rewards are individually distributed 'to each according to his capacity'. *The Connection* is not an insult to its audience, as some first-nighters thought, but a good opinion. 'It treats us all,' Peter Brook said about it, 'as artists.' It is also acted by artists: Warren Finnerty, Sam Goodrow, Jerome Raphael, James Anderson and Carl Lee. Even the Duke of York's cannot subdue such a quintet. *The Connection* could be played on the Centre Court at Wimbledon and it would still be worth seeing.

It is only powerful individual acting that saves a great play's credit at the Royal Court. Robert Shaw took Middleton's *The Changeling* by the scruff and held it up. But for him, its revival, 250 years later, would have been a shambles. Tony Richardson, the producer, killed the pace, allowing the sudden, springing scenes to stand flat, and by his four-square groupings made a four-post bed of the play, inducing sleep. But *The Changeling* was never like this; it is a growling, stalking tragedy, not always first-class in poetry, but with sudden claws of it, and a construction that gives the beast a brain for his beast's business. Its characters are mangled up by events. Mr Richardson's production is interesting only as an anti-Guthrie exercise; without Robert Shaw in full blood it would be an anti-Middleton exercise and a blow to his collaborator, Rowley. Still, where does the producer end and the actor begin? We are often sickened when an actor is charged with a fault for which his producer is to blame, and is then obliged, like heaven's ass, to endure beatings undeserved. So, as justice in reverse, we compliment Tony Richardson for his production of Robert Shaw.

King Kong has come to stay. It carries itself in the manner of the 'great' musicals and in the rhythmical clapping at the end even succeeds in getting the audience, like a thousand drunken sailors, over the footlights. What more can those very lovely exhibitors ask? *King Kong* has so many amateur hesitations in its story-telling that were it from Pittsburg and not Johannesburg, it would go the way of the flop. Yet *King Kong's* amateurism is its strength; it is the amateurism of a strong original. Its vigour wipes away any urgent need for polish; its surfaces are wild and rough. Certainly, the American borrowing is often obvious, but small when compared with its own property; the 'beat' of the African township, the Patha Patha (touch-touch) dancing, the gum boot dancing, the Sotho war dance, the beautiful work song, and the enchanting penny whistling of Lemmy 'Special' Mabaso.

A loathing for apartheid and even a distaste for South African sherry (there is a full-page advertisement for it in the programme) led many people to hope for some implicit comment on the black man's burden. There was none. *King Kong* plays neither happy families nor snap with the South African situation. How could it? Yet *King Kong* is an important skirmish in the war on apartheid. It is very like the Irish National Theatre of 60 years ago; it asserts national culture; it is a demonstration of independent spirit; such springs may run to great rivers.

People's Heroin

FRANCIS NEWTON

Bird is the patron saint of hipsters, junkies and beats. His picture (on one of the *Immortal Charlie Parker* LP sleeves) is on the wall of Leach's pad in *The Connection;* before his record the drug-convert writer Jaybird squats down to close the play in the mindless suspension of the womb, as earlier (before the same record) the ex-musician Ernie had squatted, to whom heroin has left nothing but the mouthpiece of the horn he will never play again and no longer really wants to play. A sinuous, attacking alto-player in the Parker succession, Jackie McLean, heads the hard-bopping quartet which holds *The Connection* together. For on this stage where men have lost the desire or capacity to communicate in words, jazz must carry the drama.

It is lucky that the junkies should have chosen Bird, for Parker's music is not one which reflects the addict's nirvana. Jazz is not junky music, though in America 'modern jazz' became to a large extent a music practised by addicts, probably for the same social reasons which, in the same period – since the war – have made heroin a problem in the swelling limbo of the northern Negro ghettoes. Alcohol and marihuana, the traditional stimuli of jazz-players, make men feel that what they cannot normally realise is within their grasp; the needle merely makes them abandon trying. Nobody has ever played better for heroin; only worse without it. (That the stage quartet goes into driving music so soon after their fixes is a piece of unrealism; in practice they would probably drop their horns.)

Now Parker's music though revolutionary was in the hot, blue, communicative and passion-expressing tradition of the old jazz. There is nothing far out about Freddie Redd's dramatically apt numbers (they are particularly good as a Greek chorus to the accepting Sam and the weak and vicious Ernie). That is why this kind of jazz can carry the weight of dramatic statement which the author has passed to it, and also why it can make the dramatic assertion of life against the death-wish of the self-deceiving, self-justifying ('you're no better', 'it's all the fault of the bomb') or merely catatonic crew it surrounds. For what comes out of the instruments laughs at the thesis that heroin is the opium of the people, and why shouldn't it be? It is life not Lethe. Bird wanted to blow, not to adjust and die.

Musically *The Connection* is most attrac-

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tive and enjoyable. As a documentary about drug-addiction it will not help anyone to score over here, and indeed has little to do with the British drug scene. (A similar play here would probably have to be set among registered addicts waiting for their supply in a chemist's shop.) Where this bunch gets the money for their fixes from is another question left obscure. As for the play as a whole, I can best let a musical acquaintance speak: 'Some of it knocked me out, some of it didn't'. Still, some of it did.

Fidelio

ALEXANDER GOEHR

If the lesson of the success of *Fidelio* at Covent Garden is learned, we might, with luck and with the coming of a strong new musical director, be at the beginning of a period of great opera productions.

The significant fact about last Friday's performance and production of *Fidelio* by Dr Otto Klemperer is that it is a musician's production. The music is allowed to take its proper place at the centre of things and ambivalence of musical and scenic intention is avoided. The music is never reduced to an incidental function (except where it is intended as such) and one may observe, with relief, that there is no stage action independent of the music. At the same time the spoken dialogue is largely restored to its rightful and necessary place. Far from jarring, it enhances the ends and beginnings of the musical numbers.

With all this agreed, *Fidelio* still poses numerous problems for the producer and conductor. The real problem is one of reconciliation of different, though possibly complementary, strands in the work. I think that there are two basic ways in which the work may be tackled. The first way is to accept the musico-dramatic conventions of the piece and its period. In this context the domestic drama of Jaquino and Marzelline, Rocco and Fidelio, is given rather greater importance and the best music (that most clearly associated with the protagonists) is left to find its own place. It also means you do not have the Leonora III overture before the final chorus because it wrecks what comes after it and, retrospectively, what goes before it. There is nothing more difficult for the listener than to accept music of varying levels in close sequence, and although there are great beauties in the latter part of the second act, I don't think they stand up to the Leonora overture, which is, after all, one of the greatest compositions of its type.

The other approach to *Fidelio*, which invokes a great deal of Romanticism, is perfectly revealed in Dr Klemperer's programme note. Beethoven is the great composer of liberty, of a new dawning era of European civilization (Romain Rolland). *Fidelio* is the opera of hope and justice. The moment of truth is embodied in the performance of an abstract composition, the Leonora III, and every piece of 'great music' in the opera is seized upon and emphasised in order to lead naturally to this climax. The sequence is: Introduction and Canonic Quartet '*Mir ist so wunderbar*' (which was beautifully performed), the Finale of Act I, which in Treitschke's revised version is a fine musical and dramatic piece, and of course, the great Introduction and Aria of Florestan.

This second way is taken by Klemperer at Covent Garden. It has been the way to do *Fidelio* since Mahler, who first introduced the Leonora III into the work. Incidentally, one quite sees Richard Strauss's motive in cutting the first part of the final chorus, not, I suspect, as Dr Klemperer suggests, because it is too four-square (it is not squarer than a great deal else in the opera) but because its key is anticipated by the climax of the overture.

The level of musical and vocal performance was high. Those familiar with Dr Klemperer's Beethoven performances will not find any surprises here: there is the well known dynamic energy but at the same time a strange perfunctoriness. Particularly striking is the conductor's ability to bring out important orchestral counter-subjects which are only too frequently left to fend for themselves. Among the singers, Gottlob Frick as Rocco excelled, and Elsie Morison sang beautifully as Marzelline. Hotter as Pizarro and Jurinac as Leonore, great singers as they are, seemed unhappily restrained, and Vickers's fine tenor voice made Florestan's aria seem too easy.

Hainer Hill's sets were excellent and will be long remembered. The overhanging prison arch which casts its shadow over Marzelline's room at the beginning is brilliantly effective, and the dazling sunlight at the opening of the final chorus is a striking idea, putting the audience in the position of the prisoners as they come from their gloomy underworld to the light of day. It is a memorable performance; it moves the audience; it provokes thought.

Style and Paradox

BRYAN ROBERTSON

At the Waddington Galleries until 4 March McWilliam's exhibition of sculpture displays, in the most concise and quintessential manner, the nature of a gift which is hard to describe or assess, for much of its motivation springs from paradox. Well grounded in surrealism, the work has occasional malicious quirks of humour in the handling – but just as we begin to be conscious of these Irish asides, we turn to another sculpture which is entirely serious. The artist's sojourn in India during the war left its mark, but what amounts on occasion to an Indian linear sensuality is strained through a Gothic mesh of formal reticence and spikiness. Just as we seem to find some formal speculation sharing common ground with other present-day sculptors, the work in question grows in its own identity and individuality in front of our eyes. Here is a sculpture that is compelling as a fetish object, an oracular signpost, but doesn't seem interesting as sculpture – *La Vigie Ailée* – but over there is *Icon*, a torso shape, covered with exquisite linear decoration, deriving logically from earlier work by this artist and existing solidly as sculpture in the fullest sense of the word. We are used to one idea, worked at obsessionally, but McWilliam's imagination is diverse, ignites at different levels and in various quarters of the compass. He works often from natural forms – bones, seen on the beach at the Scilly Isles; and sometimes from art history – a Greek helmet seen at Corinth. He forges a synthesis between unevenly weighted organic and architectural elements, and with fantastic embellishments. Recurringly characteristic of all his work is its thin elegance, its lightness and delicacy.

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style informs the work of John Hoskin at the Matthiessen Gallery. This artist works in iron and the sculpture is technically flawless. The material finds and achieves its own suavity and sensuality of surface, emerging like softly gleaming silver from the sculptor's working processes. But if the style is coherent, adamantly so throughout the exhibition, we find – again – an attempt to synthesise or at least balance two opposing elements, architectural and organic. The earlier work of this artist was more consistently organic, dealing with insect-like shapes which were given a burned, apocalyptic appearance in treatment. More recently, the sculptures have only a token indication of this earlier manner in their legs or, when more completely abstract, in component parts which offset rectangular or squared-off solid shapes thrusting upwards, like signs. The work seems to derive more from design or architecture than from a long sustained sculptural vision, but it has great presence and authority.

Pure Suffrage

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

You never know with Bergman, and his new film, *So Close to Life* at the Academy, is one of his magazine specials: in fact it comes nearer to reporting than any of his films. This may be because the script is not his but Ulla Isakson's. Women's secrets; three in a maternity ward; one with marriage coming apart and a miscarriage, a wife joyfully expectant whose child is born dead, and an unmarried girl who has refused both abortion and to return home. Haemorrhages, tears, pills, resentments, bulk, child-birth itself: the lot, medically and emotionally speaking – or, as I heard it once described in the Outpatients, 'pure suffrage'!

One can't help the sardonic note. The concentration of pain and stress may bring far more than newspaper revelations, yet just fails to justify its crisis. Are we here touching the beginnings of life's hopes and torments? May be. But then these three life-stories or case-histories should add up to a little more. We are gripped, thrilled and chilled, shut in with a phase of the life-struggle that shocks more with its realism than its recurrent sentimentalities, and our discontent doesn't really begin till the end, when the girl's decision to have her baby and to face her mother seems, with the doors swinging to, no solution.

In the meantime, however, we have come under a strong Bergman influence. The theme encloses; all scenes are confined to the hospital; big-heads are frequent; the antiseptic walls give a background to dark thoughts; and possibly the small ward along a corridor brings inklings of the womb. But those who complain of Bergman's symbolisms will find this film free of them, erring if anything the other way. Yes, they are well and dramatically brought out, the very different stories, and our curiosity both about these life-histories and about hospital treatment is kept on edge. We recoil from the rimless-spectacled husband who has never wanted a child and are drawn towards inevitable birth-pangs; grief over the dead baby must be balanced by the child-of-the-future without a father.

Must be? Despite revelations one can't escape the feeling that it has all been too deliberately set, that the hospital only exists round this particular drama, and that the opening doors at the end don't really lead to more than The End. This is a failure of realism. Bergman's magic is deployed in the unfamiliar close-ups and pale surroundings. The old troupe fit in amazingly well, with even Max von Sydow, the Knight of *The Seventh Seal*, breaking into grins as a boyish, practical hubby, and Eva Dahlbeck as his wife at the crossroads.

Two shorts at the Academy do far more than fill the bill. John Piper applies a trenchant selectiveness to *An Artist Looks at Churches*, produced by Edgar Anstey. Bob Godfrey's second cartoon, *The Do-It-Yourself Cartoon Kit*, is as funny as *Polygamous Polonius*, if a shade less subversive. The larks come from Victorian ads, pointing fingers (one bandaged), cartoon noises, a butterfly alighting on a flower with a bang: wit, in fact, has been employed with a minimum of slavery to the drawing board. I look forward with eagerness to the next Biographic cartoon.

The three hours, with Intermission, of *Pepe* at the Columbia once more bury the talent of Cantinflas under a load of publicity and sentiment. This time he loses a white horse – whom he calls 'my son' – and goes to Hollywood to reclaim him. There 35 guest stars, and all the tedium of Cinerama without the thrills, await him. Cantinflas does perky turns, but shall we ever get the chance to discover how far this famous comedian deserves his fame?

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Result of No. 1,616 **Set by William Salter**

The time may yet come when the public (*i.e.* private) schools will have to advertise. The usual prizes are offered for not more than 100 words of newspaper advertising copy (paper to be named) 'selling' Eton, Winchester, Repton, Cheltenham Ladies' College, Bedales, Stonyhurst, Gordonstoun, or Dartington Hall.

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Thus G. J. Blundell's ad recommending Eton to readers of the *Daily Mirror*, one of the most quotable of an enormous batch of eminently quotable entries. In the circumstances, all one can do is let the prizewinners – and never was picking out winners more difficult – speak for themselves. But first the runners-up: G. J. Blundell, Molly Fitton, Geoffrey Parker, Margaret Dunnett, R. Kennard Davis, Michael Meyer, R. B. Heisler, Nimai Chatterji, Sheila Knowles, L. G. Udall, E. O. Parrott, L. Ll. Bailey, F. J. Walesby.

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Other things. True.
Basic grounding. People, right, left, all around
Agree. Best.
Commerce, Arts, Science, Lit., (all) Politic, Research, Sport, Medic.,
All?
Yes . . . More! Everything Top.
Food?
Thought. Supplied, sample menu.
Rod? Staff?
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Comfort. Bed, live in, never bored.
Later . . .
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(*New Statesman*)

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(*Daily Telegraph*)

P. NATAL

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(*Punch*)

DOUGLAS HAWSON

REPTON

To unsuccessful applicants who missed recent *L.m.e.h. Palace* vacancy, I can offer a few places for 11-plus failures in EPISCOPAL KINDERGARTEN within spitting distance of Burton-upon-Trent. The rambling Victorian buildings are somewhat dilapidated since the boys said goodbye to Mr CHIPS, but virginia creeper covers the cracks. If there were any baths, I *didn't* see them. Teaching quite decent and administration first-class. Recommended to class-conscious clause-4 abolitionists and Tory matrons campaigning for corporal punishment, cold showers, the Empire and tapioca pudding. IMMEDIATE ENTRY to donors of *substantial* cheques to School's quater-centenary fund. – *Rex Rivers.*

(*Observer*)

A. D. BENNETT JONES

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

The times being uncommonly parlous, the voluntary countryman, as distinct from the man who finds himself earning his living in the country but is a citizen in his heart, is tempted to contract his horizon. First to concentrate on his parish, later to confine himself to his few square perches of freehold, finally to prefer the very small and near to the wider view. I expect that this is analagous to that huddling together of more and more millions into larger and larger cities. And the temptation is the greater in that studying the small and near gives one a flattering, perhaps not entirely illusory, feeling of studying the fundamental.

The microcosmic is certainly no more real and earnest than the macrocosmic, yet looking through a microscope seems somehow less frivolous than looking through a telescope, a hopelessly romantic occupation. Reacting against our own crouching and huddling, we aspire to the stars: but only by kind permission of the azotobacters and earthworms and grassblades. Not that there is any need to resort to lenses. How pleasant, how safe and how meritorious one would feel, if someone would endow the job, doing ten years 'research' into a really small piece of countryside – say one cubic foot.

I once spent a couple of hours lying on my stomach on some downland turf with my eyes at a few inches from the grass-roots so that I

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could see only what was, in fact, within 12 inches of my eyes. A poor botanist, I nevertheless distinguished 18 plant species, 15 of them being green, flowering plants, two fungi and one lichen. I daresay there were more than that. Moving among them were as many animal species of half a dozen genera. Four different kinds of bees visited my square foot from outside. I was as ignorant of the immediate purposes of the creatures dashing about under my eyes as I would have been had I observed the night crowd in London.

But insect-watching is no more boring than man-watching: I saw murder done and love made, which was probably more than I'd have seen in Leicester Square even in 1961. And since reading Peter Farb's *The Living Earth* (Constable, 21*s.*), I know that had I turned over my piece of turf, I might well have seen stranger ways of achieving our common purpose of surviving by killing. There is a kind of subterranean fungus which, in the presence of nematodes, very cleverly forms its body into noose-traps, like rabbit snares, and having caught its prey, devours it by slow absorption. An ally, then, since nematodes, the ell-worms, are among the cultivator's worst enemies.

For pure pleasure in such kinds of observation you need to be more or less aware of the general processes of life, but ignorant of the details. For then you can be a discoverer, and you can be surprised. The old apple trees in my Devonshire garden are hirsute with lichens and mosses. Some are fine and very silky, forming a pile like that of a good Persian rug. But there is one, a very beautiful plant, a soft, silvery grey in colour and which upon near examination is, in form and in the manner of its ramification, a miniature of certain seaweeds which you find if, like me, you enjoy poking about in rockpools at low tide, not to know and name but to enjoy and admire.

Seaweeds are algae; lichens are dual plants, each an alga and a fungus in symbiotic partnership. I cannot convey the pleasure of observing that striking similarity of form, and of then checking my own deduced explanation in the books. The fact is that given a suitable ignorance, the world of very small plants and animals is the most accessible which is still as new to all but specialists as the world, *tout court*, to a child, so that by penetrating into it it is possible, provided you have retained any sense of wonder at all, to recapture that freshness in experience which is common to childhood.

I had a heap of bark fibre, for composting, in the garden: on it there grew a number of amorphous, fungus-like masses, some white, some cream, shell-pink, or red. They were myxomycetes. Had I known about these singular creatures, I could not have enjoyed the delighted astonishment of realising that they were moving about, crawling slowly but measurably over the surface. Animals? Well, no; because in due course they halt, put down some sort of roots or mycellium, and put up strange, beautiful and aetherial-looking, flower-like fruit-bodies. They evoked for me that remote time when the distinction between vegetable and animal was not clear. Mr Farb, whose admirable and absorbing book I have mentioned above, describes watching this phenomenon as being like watching the creation of life. And this is vividly true.

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City Lights

TAURUS

Daylight is elbowing its way in. Sterling has suddenly become weak at a time of year which used to be thought good for it and Grandma has been selling foreign exchange to support the rate. The gold reserve, rising obstinately while the payments deficit grew, may now begin to fall.

The fact is, as the latest sterling balance figures show, that the most pessimistic guesses about the extent to which the government lived on hot money last year were the most accurate. It was not merely the £130m Ford bid which helped, in the last quarter of 1960, to cover up the UK deficit and the fact that other sterling countries, themselves in deficit, were drawing down their reserves by £100m: dollar and European countries increased their London balances by £240m. Over the year as a whole, driven by the Congo crisis, the dollar scare, and the fact that Grandma was unashamedly soliciting their attention with high interest rates, foreigners increased their London balances by no less than £600m, and another £200-300m may well have come in through channels still to be identified.

Some of this money, it is hopefully suggested, was invested in long-dated stocks which can be sold only for blocked, security sterling. But the Kuwait Gap is only lightly papered over, and Grandma, for reasons of prestige, cannot allow the security sterling rate to fall far below the official rate. Three-quarters or more of the sterling area's gold reserve is now the counterpart of short-term foreign money liable to flit overnight, and there is no doubt that the measures taken and the attitude struck by the new US administration will encourage some of it to flit. Since the UK is still spending a great deal more abroad than it earns, the gold reserve will begin to fall as soon as the inflow of short-term foreign capital slackens. It will fall rapidly as soon as the flow goes into reverse.

It is a little odd that the government, faced with the possibility of being left with no gold reserve at all, should have resolved to concentrate on the long-term problem of exports rather than on the immediate crisis: one could applaud its strong-mindedness more unreservedly if one did not suspect auto-hypnosis.

It has been officially declared, of course, that any run on the reserve will be met by drawing on the International Monetary Fund. But the game has gone on for too long: if the rush into sterling were now to become a rush out of sterling, it might be too much even for our drawing rights on the IMF – it would certainly be too much for the government's new theory that doing nothing is itself a form of long-term economic planning. The only excuse for not having negotiated a stand-by credit with the IMF months ago is that the move to formal convertibility makes it possible for the IMF to give credit in D-marks as well as dollars and for the US, as well as the UK, to make use of its facilities. But the Germans have always shown themselves to be slow negotiators when they are in a strong position, and it would be foolish to wait longer. The government, gambling for high stakes on an empty purse, is risking the possiblity of devaluation – not the cool devaluation suggested by the National Institute, but a forced, wasteful, humiliating devaluation, fear of which made the National Institute's suggestion so unpopular.

Odhams, touch wood, is over and done with. Mr Thomson has finally backed out. The Odhams board, though still opposed to the *Mirror* bid, cannot find any reason for opposing it on financial grounds; they do not intend to accept it themselves on principle, but their holdings are so small – even smaller than those held in the *Mirror* by the *Mirror* directors – that they can count on them being acquired compulsorily. The only possible obstacle now, and it is only an academic possibility, is that *Mirror* shareholders will object to financing Mr King's ambitions out of their own pockets.

There is another side to the affair which may yet become interesting. Odhams shares jumped 6s to 39s on the day before the proposed merger with Thomson Newspapers was announced: the jobbers complained of a leak, as they often do, they appealed to the Stock Exchange Council, as they have done before, and the Council – moved, perhaps, by the fact that it had heard another leak complaint at the time of the Thomson bid for Kemsley – agreed to investigate. Having investigated for three weeks, it has now passed details of various share transactions on to the chairmen of Odhams and Thomsons. Leaks are common enough, but Stock Exchange investigations which produce positive results are rare: if the one precedent – ten years old – is followed, public opinion will force the results out into the open.

Company News

ICI is expanding all over the place, building a new plant at Blackpool to expand its polyvinylchloride output by nearly half and planning to break into the Common Market with a petrochemicals plant in Holland on which it will spend £100m over the next ten years.

General Electric, anxious to prove that it has now become dynamic, is bidding £8½m for the Sobell-Murphy group: it is less out to expand its TV interests, presumably, than to eliminate competitors and acquire some good managers.

Fisons, after failing last year to acquire Crosse & Blackwell and British Drug Houses, succeeded in acquiring a small canning firm; now, after failing to acquire Evans Medical, it has bought a three per cent interest in a US fertiliser firm.

Kleeman, one of the few sizeable plastic fabricating companies still extant, has got its profit up from £536,000 to £690,000 despite price-cutting and raised its dividend from the equivalent of 15 to 20 per cent.

Unilever's profits are down from £114m to £106m despite higher sales: this erosion of margins has been going on for some time, and little accidents – margarine in Holland and trouble in the Congo – have only helped along an established trend.

Imperial Tobacco has issued a report which gives no information about the two things in which shareholders are most interested – the trend of sales and the composition of its portfolio of trade investments.

Jaguar, only now publishing preliminary figures of its results for the year which ended last July, has reported a surprising drop of 30 per cent in post-depreciation profits; it is changing models, of course, and the acquisition of Daimler may bring problems.

The Chess Board

No. 590. More Than Meets The Eye

A questionable headline since this, surely, is the one cliché which to a chessplayer represents a mere truism. Inevitably, we are for ever searching for the very thing that does not meet the eye, not at first glance anyway. Even after a game is long over and done with and chalked up on our credit – or debit – balance we like to have second thoughts about it, and third and fourth thoughts too, and a good many more. Take this position (reported in *Schach*): /r1bk2 r1/pp1pktp2 / 3Ktpqpp/7Q / 8 / B1RP4/P4PPP/ 2R3K1/. White had won the game quite nicely by 1) RxB ch, RxR; 2) KtxKtP ch, K-K1; 3) Kt-Q6 ch, K-B1; 4) QxRP ch etc, but after a while he was worried to see that Black could have done better by

1) RxB ch, KtxR!; 2) KtxKtP ch, K-K1; 3) RxKt ch, RxR; 4) Kt-Q6 ch, K-Q1; 5) Q-R5 ch, R-B2; 6) Kt-Kt7 ch, K-B1; 7) Kt-Q6 ch, K-Kt1; 8) Q-Kt4 ch, K-R1; 9) Q-K4 ch, R-B3, and White is twice an exchange down with nothing to show for it.

Feeling certain, though, that the original position should hold further promise White tried, tried, tried again and was rewarded by finding 1) Q-R5 ch, P-Kt3; 2) QxRP, RxQ; 3) RxB ch, KtxR; 4) RxKt ch, K-K2; 5) Kt-B5 mate. Pretty enough for temporary bliss, but soon spoiled by dismal doubts. What if Black provided a flight-square by 2)... QxP ch; 3) KxQ, RxQ; 4) RxB ch, KtxR; 5) RxKt ch, K-K2; 6) Kt-B5 ch, K-B3; and White would have shot his bolt to no purpose. True and sad enough, but the story did have a happy ending when, after some further cogitation, White discovered:

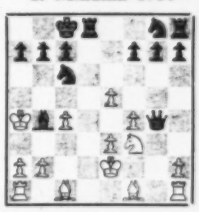
1) Q-R5 ch, P-Kt3; 2) QxRP, QxP ch; 3) KxQ, RxQ; 4) KtxB!!, RxB; 5) RxR, KtxKt; 6) RxKt ch, KxR; 7) R-R8 ch, etc.

Now here's another position which (in an Italian tournament 1959) led to quick resignation even though there happened to be a hidden resource which wasn't discovered for nearly a year. /4r1k1/ppq2ppp/3b1kt2/16/3B1P2/PP3P2/ R1B2Q1K/. Even apart from his material advantage Black, obviously, had the far superior position; and he exploited it in what looked like an unanswerable as well as forcible manner by 1) ... Q-R4. To guard against immediate perdition White had nothing better than 2) Q-R3, whereupon ... R-K8 ch; 3) K-Kt2, RxB caused White's immediate resignation; all he could see was that a Q-check on g5 would cost him his Rook. Yet, he could have continued 4) RxR, Q-KKt4 ch; 5) Q-Kt3!!; obviously . . . BxQ is ruled out on account of mate, and Black really has nothing better than . . . QxR; 6) QxB, Q-B1; that way Black would still have the better of it but his position would be nowhere near as superior as it looked six moves earlier.

Finally (reported by *Schach-Echo*) a position in which Black seems firmly enough entrenched, to say nothing of his threat of . . . P-R5. Yet, when White played 1) RxKt!! neither of the pawns could retake, hence . . . QxR; 2) B-K5!! Now . . . Q-B6 would be no defence against both the B-check and the R-check, hence . . . Q-Q2; 3) B-B6 ch, R-K2; 4) Q-Kt1!!, Q-R2; 5) R-Q1 ch, K-K1: 6) Q-R7! etc.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which the unprotected White Queen will fall a prey to her colleague in a mere four moves, even though the two ladies appear to keep a healthy distance to begin with. For 6 and 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are draws, both very pretty and instructive. Usual prizes. Entries by 12 March.

A: Mikulka 1930



B: L. Prokes: /4r2k P1P5/24/5K2/16/.

C: A. A. Troitzky 1928: /3Kt4/p3ppk1/K2P3p/ Pp2P1rP/8/p7/16/.

REPORT on No. 587 Set 10 February

A: 1) QxRP ch, KtxQ; 2) R-Q8 ch, Kt-B1; 3) R-R8 ch, KxR; 4) RxKt mate.

B: 1) P-B5 ch, PxP; 2) PxP ch, K-Q3; 3) RxB, RxR; 4) B-B5 ch, etc.

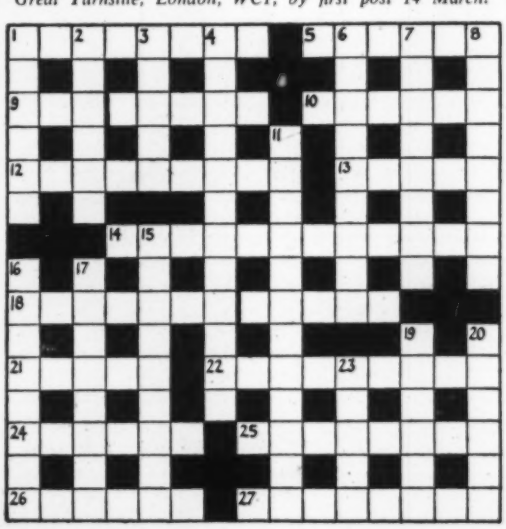
C: 1) P-B7, K-K2; 2) Kt-K6, KxP; 3) Kt-Kt5 ch, K any; 4) KtxP, P-B7; 5) Kt-Kt1, etc.

Many flawless solutions. Prizes. G. Abrahams, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. W. Eccleson, M. P. Furmston, B. Silver.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 447

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 447, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 14 March.



ACROSS

1. Cut down like half the ordinary papers (8).
5. Made a loud noise like a god in bed (6).
9. Round in 72 shows one way to progress (3, 5).
10. Peasants who have a farm-cart at heart (6).
12. Possibly given pear but it provides a different fruit (9).
13. Perhaps learn of kidneys (5).
14. Lenin met pity mingled with ruthlessness (12).
18. Butler establishments issuing two kinds of notes? (7, 5).
21. Where I am both in and out of a magician's prop (5).
22. The source of drudgery is rated differently by a philosopher (9).
24. 'A —— is a moment's monument' (Rossetti) (6).
25. The sound of breathing makes a snake angry (8).
26. Water the flowers (6).
27. Classifications of what Lane says haphazardly (8).

DOWN

1. Command a military operation (6).
2. The learned man makes up a murmur about everything (6).
3. Waterway in which there is a stone beneath the river (5).
4. Waiting with notes for accommodation (12).
6. Without half the cargo the sailors might be wrecked (9).
7. Put fresh fire into a monarchist? (8).
8. Shows a theatrical piece in town (8).
11. The cleanest side distributed food (12).
15. Girl without the backbone for artificial contrivances (9).
16. The main force of the sea is changing without speed (8).
17. One who transfers like a foreign gentleman (8).
19. Furniture which makes half the filth on pantechnicons (6).
20. 'A knavish speech —— in a foolish ear' (*Hamlet*) (6).
23. Train bore (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 445

C	R	O	S	S	S	E	C	T	I	O	N	S		
A	E	T		P	A	N	A	S						
N	E	G	R	O		I	N	F	O	R	M	A	N	T
C	U	P		L		E		O		F		O		
I	L	L	E	G	A	L		T	H	A	L	I	A	N
E		A		A			E		D			E		
N	O	T	E	P	A	P	E	R		S	A	L	A	D
T		O			H		I			I		R		
L	Y	R	I	C		I	R	A	S	C	I	B	L	E
I		E		L			A	R		S				
G	O	R	I	L	L	A		D	E	N	I	A	L	S
H	A	E	T		I		T	R	I					
T	A	B	E	S	C	E	N	T		R	E	I	G	N
S	B	T	L	T		I	A	G						
L	I	V	E	R	Y	C	O	M	P	A	N	Y		

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 445

A. G. Wheeler (Greenford)
Mrs Gertner (Wolverhampton)
K. T. French (Hove)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

COLLEGE OF ADMINISTRATION, ACHIMOTA, ACCRA, GHANA

Applications are invited from suitably qualified candidates for the posts of

LECTURER IN ACCOUNTANCY.

The pensionable salary scale attached to it is £G900 x £G50 – £G1,200 x £G60 – £G1,680 p.a.; the contract salary carries a 37½% addition, together with a gratuity payable on the satisfactory completion of the contract and calculated at the rate of £G12 10s. for each month. Entry point will be fixed according to qualification and experience.

Qualifications: Candidates must be members of a recognised professional body of Accountants; the possession of a degree will be an advantage.

Duties: The successful candidates will be required to prepare students for the Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants (ACCA), Chartered Institute of Secretaries (CIS) and Corporation of Certified Secretaries (CCS) Examinations.

Partly-furnished bungalows will be provided at reasonable rental.

Applications stating qualifications and teaching/industrial and commercial experience, should be addressed to The Registrar, College of Administration, Private Post Bag, Achimota, Accra, Ghana, to reach him not later than 20 March 1961.

TEACHERS FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA

The Department of Education of the Province of British Columbia is interested in obtaining the names of qualified British Secondary-School Teachers for teaching positions commencing September 1961, or years following. Applicants should be under the age of 45 years, must hold a recognized university degree and must have completed a formal course of teacher training or hold a diploma in education. Those interested should write immediately to The Agent General for British Columbia, British Columbia House, 1 Regent St, London, SW1, England, for particulars and application forms.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

Applications are invited for the new post of RESEARCH FELLOW IN EDUCATION in the INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION (Director: Professor Boris Ford), to begin duties as soon as possible. The successful candidate will be required (a) to undertake a study of the quality of Secondary School text-books and their use in the class room; and (b) to organise and take charge of the Institute's new mobile library (which will include educational books, text-books, exhibitions, etc.). Varied teaching experience is essential. The appointment will be for two years in the first instance. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience, within the range £850-£950, with FSSU provision and family allowance. A grant towards removal expenses will be made.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications (6 copies) should be sent by 18 March 1961.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

Applications are invited for the new post of LECTURER IN ENGLISH AND EDUCATION in the INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION (Director: Professor Boris Ford), to begin duties on 1 September 1961. The successful candidate will be required to concentrate on English and drama and 'culture and environment' studies in the Secondary School, with considerable emphasis on work with less academic children; and to take a large share in conducting the Institute's discussion groups and short courses for teachers. Varied teaching experience is essential. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience on the scale £1,050 x £50 to £1,400 x £75 to £1,850, with FSSU provision and family allowance. A grant towards removal expenses will be made. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom application (6 copies) should be sent by 18 March 1961.

BOYS' Preparatory Schools. Parents desiring vacancies and men and women seeking teaching appointments, also Matrons and Assistant Matrons, should apply to R. J. S. Curtis, MA (E), Hon. Sec., Public Relations Committee, Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, Hurst Court, Ore, Hastings.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Psychology in the Department of Philosophy. (Preference may be given to applicants with special interest or qualifications in Child or Clinical Psychology).

Salary on the scale £1,050 x £50 to £1,400 x £75 to £1,850.

FSSU benefits and family allowances.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications (six copies) must be received by Saturday, 18 March 1961.

SHROPSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Adult Tutor Organiser (Man or Woman)

Vacancy in mixed urban and rural district. The tutor should carry further pioneer work already started. Resource needed in approach to potential students outside range of traditional organisations. Will help in own subject outside his district and at Attingham Park Adult College; will co-operate with band of University, WEA, Attingham, LEA colleagues. Degree or equivalent qualification and some teaching experience desirable. Wide interests valuable in addition to specialism.

Salary Burnham plus £150; car essential, travelling and subsistence allowances on County scale.

Form and particulars (s.a.e.) from undersigned; due back 18 March 1961.

H. MARTIN WILSON,
Secretary for Education,
County Buildings, SHREWSBURY.

SURREY EDUCATION COMMITTEE YOUTH SERVICE

Surbiton – Hook Youth Club

Applications are invited from qualified men and women for the post of full-time Club Leader of the above Open Mixed Youth Club. The Club meets in its own premises and caters primarily for boys and girls of 15 to 20 years of age. Salary: for Teachers and those with qualifications approved by the Committee, in accordance with the appropriate Burnham Scale, i.e. £520 x £27 10s. – £1,000 p.a. plus London Allowance, for other Leaders the normal maximum of the salary scale will be £905 p.a. plus London Allowance.

Application form and further particulars obtainable on receipt of s.a.e. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to be returned by 17 March 1961.

EAST SUSSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Child Guidance Service

Applications are invited for the post of PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER for the BEXHILL Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised training course. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical Council 'A' Scale. Further particulars and application forms, which should be returned as soon as possible, obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes.

OCCUPATIONAL therapist required young adult spastic centre near London. Progressive department, printing assembly, craft work. Whitley Council Scale plus special Honorarium and London weighting. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Spastic Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

ESSEX

GRAYS CHILD GUIDANCE CLINIC

Part-time Child Psychotherapist required for up to 6 sessions per week. £2 15s. 6d. per session for up to 5 sessions per week. 6/11ths of Soulbury Grade II Scale for Educational Psychologists (£1,290 x £32 10s. – £1,560 p.a.) for six sessions per week.

Form and further details from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

AFRICAN RESEARCH PROJECT

Field-Director required to co-operate with economist, sociologist and statistician in social and economic survey of newly independent African state. Particulars from Secretary, African Research Project, The University, Leicester.

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UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Chair of French Language and Literature. Applications are invited for the Chair of French Language and Literature which will be vacant from 1 July 1961. The salary scale is R4600 x 200 – 5,400 (£2,300 x 100 – 2,700). Applicants should state age, qualifications and experience; they are also asked to submit concrete evidence of scholarship in the fields of French Literature and/or Philology, and to give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment (including transport expenses on appointment) and information on the work of the Department may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, to whom two copies of the application must be submitted by 31 March 1961. A third copy of the application should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, to reach him by the same date. Applicants should state the date on which they could assume duty if required. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

RHODES University, Grahamstown, South Africa. Senior Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post from July 1961. The salary scale is £1,590 x 60 – £2,010 p.a. A vacation savings bonus, as in the Public Service, is also payable. Previous experience and academic qualifications may be taken into account in fixing the commencing salary. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 31 March 1961.

NINETEENTH Century Birmingham. Temporary full-or part-time Research Assistant required for bibliographical work. Degree or equivalent qualifications required. Salary according to qualifications and experience within the range from about £450-£600 per annum full-time. Applications to the Clerk to the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science, the University, B'ham 15.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Jan Smuts Chair of International Relations. Applications are invited for the first appointment to the Jan Smuts Chair of International Relations which is tenable for an initial period of seven years in the first instance. The salary attached to the post is on the scale R4,800 x 200 – R5,400 (£2,400 x 100 – £2,700) per annum. The initial salary will be in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Interested persons are advised to obtain a copy of the information sheet relating to the above vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 15 April 1961.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for a post at the grade of Assistant Lecturer in Economics (with special reference to Industry) in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Salary scale £800 x £50 to £950 per annum; membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 25 March 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

GOVERNMENT Social Survey. The Social Survey Division of the Central Office of Information require women supervisors to assist with their interviewer training programmes and to supervise field work. Applicants must have had considerable experience of interviewing members of the public or have some qualifications in social work or social administration. Applicants selected will be given basic training in Social Survey interviewing methods and they must be prepared to travel frequently to any part of the country. The posts are graded Assistant Information Officer (unestablished), starting salary according to experience and qualifications rising to a maximum of £1,214. Write, giving age, full details of exp. and quals to Manager (PE.765/PD), Ministry of Labour, Professional & Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4.

UNITED Kingdom Technical Assistance. A Lecturer in Accountancy is required for two years in Colombo by the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Ceylon to organise and run tutorial classes and to train local lecturers. Salary £1,500 – £1,850 p.a. according to qualification and experience plus Tax Free Allowance of £1,465 (married), £865 (single). Write to Ministry of Labour (E9), 26 King Street, London, SW1, quoting CEY/45.

LINGUIST Officers: Air Ministry. Three posts for men at least 24 on 1.3.61 with good knowledge of either Russian or Polish, normally to degree standard, and preferably working knowledge of one or more other languages, who are prepared to serve overseas. Recent Service experience desirable. Salary scale (national) £1,300-£1,430. Possibility of permanent status later. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gdns, London, W1 for applic. form quoting 5270/61. Closing date 21 March 1961.

PRISON and Borstal Service: Women Assistant Governors. At least 4 pensionable posts for women of good general education. Must be at least 21 on 1.3.61 and genuinely interested in reformative work with girls and women. National starting salary from £926 (at age 25 or under) to £1,082 (30 or over), rising to £1,212. Free accommodation or allowance in lieu. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1 for application form, quoting 227/61. Closing date 17 March 1961.

ASSISTANT Head of School Broadcasting. Associated-Rediffusion invites application for this post from candidates of not more than 45 years of age. Good academic qualifications; administrative ability and experience of teaching and/or broadcasting or film making are essential. The person appointed will be required to supervise staff in the preparation of television programmes and ancillary publications, for both primary and secondary schools, in a wide variety of subjects and to represent the Company in educational matters. Experience of public speaking would be an advantage. Salary will not be less than £2,000 per annum. Superannuation scheme. The successful candidate will be expected to take up the appointment not later than 1 September 1961. Requests for application forms should reach the Assistant General Manager (Staff), Associated-Rediffusion Ltd. Television House, Kingsway, London, WC2, by 12 March 1961.

LECTURER (woman) required at Hillcroft College for Women in October for Social & Economic History and Elementary Economics or for Sociology suitable for adult students preparing for subsequent training in teaching or social work. University Scales (London rating), £1,110 x £50/75 – £1,610 p.a. Residence during session (33 weeks) essential. A second resident appointment in the same field: Assistant Lecturer's scale, £860 x £50 – £1,010 p.a. Applicant doing research could be on part-time basis. Apply: Principal, Hillcroft College, Surbiton by 14 March. Further partics from Secretary.

ORGANISING Secretary (full time) required by NW Region of Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. Organising ability and office experience desirable. Applications to 14 Tib Lane, Cross Street, Manchester, 2, by 13 March.

MANAGEMENT ACCOUNTING IN INDUSTRY

One of Britain's largest and most enterprising Electrical Engineering organisations has vacancies for young, recently qualified Chartered Accountants.

The initial salary will depend on age and experience, but will not be less than £950, and comprehensive training will be given at one or more of the Company's factories to fit successful applicants for the responsible positions they will be required to hold in due course. After a period of training they will be expected to be able to fill positions carrying a salary of the order of £1,300.

You are invited to apply, in strict confidence, giving your age, education and experience (with dates, names of employers and salaries earned) to Box 9878.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

NORTH-Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, London, NW5. Principal: Saunders Harris, B.Com., FCIS, FIS. Department of Child Care and Domestic Studies. The Governing Body invite applications from men or women for the posts of: (1) Lecturer in Social Work. (2) Assistant, Grade 'B', in Social Work. These posts arise to implement the proposals made for the training of Social Workers in the Younghusband Report. Appropriate qualifications and a wide experience in Social Work, including case work; in supervising staff, and experience of teaching adults is desirable. Some preference will also be given to applicants who have qualified as almoners or psychiatric social workers. Salaries in accordance with the Burnham Technical Scale, i.e. Lecturer: £1,370 by £35 to £1,550 per annum + London Allowance. Assistant Grade 'B': Within the range £700 to £1,486. The successful candidate for the lecturer's post will be required to take up duties on 1 June 1961 if possible, and the Grade 'B' Assistant on 1 September 1961. For further particulars and form of application apply to the Clerk to the Governors at the above address. Applications must be returned within 28 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

LONDON County Council. Education Officer's Department. Social Workers (men and women, including married women wishing to re-enter employment) required as Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work. Candidates should hold degree or certificate in Social Science or similar qualifications; experience in practical social work desirable. Assistant Organisers have to train and advise Voluntary Care Committee workers in a wide range of preventive case-work for children and their families, helping them to use all the social services available and to deal with problems arising both from primary poverty and from difficult family relationships. They thus direct, co-ordinate and participate in case-work of varying depths. £700 x £40 – £940, commencing according to experience and qualifications; promotion prospects. Exceptionally, part-time engagements may be considered. Forms with details, from Education Officer, (Estab. 2/N/269/3), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 21 March.

MIDDLESEX County Council – County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd for pre & after-care in Community Care Service. Adequate office accomm. & clerical assistance available. Scope for individual interest in this developing field of psychiatric social work, also possibility of learning teaching methods of group supervision. Establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers & a County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser has been appointed. Case work consultation with experienced psychiatric social workers available for newly qual. PTA quals & salary. Established. Car allowance payable. Particulars & 2 referees to County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S' 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St, SW1 by 29 March. (Quote F.567 NS).

MIDDLESEX County Council – Welfare Dept. Reqd for services to severely handicapped persons other than blind (a) Home Work Organisers to seek work from commercial concerns for handicapped persons at home or at a Centre & to assist with & to supervise work generally. Essential user car allowance. Salary APT I £645-£815 plus London Weighting up to £40. (b) Welfare Visitors to provide or arrange general welfare services for such persons. Salary accdg to exper. & quals., APT I £645-£815 p.a. or Misc. III £555-£625 plus London Weighting up to £40. All posts: Established. Prescribed conditions. Apply for further partics to Chief Welfare Officer, 1 Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, Dartmouth St, SW1 by 13 March (Quote F.625 NStm).

SURREY Education Committee. Assistant Matrons (Housemothers) or Housefathers required at Wishmore Cross School, London Road, Camberley, which the Education Committee propose to open at the beginning of the Summer Term 1961 for up to 30 maladjusted boys of secondary school age. Persons appointed will be required to work under the general direction of the Head Master and Matron/Housekeeper and to assist with the supervision of the pupils. Salary, £475 x £25 – £600 p.a. less a charge of £120 p.a. for board and lodging. Additional payment of £30 p.a. if possessing recognised child care certificate. Application form and particulars obtainable on receipt of s.a.e. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames to whom completed form should be returned.

FAMILY Planning Association offers paid part-time position for Area Organiser to cover Sussex, Kent, and South Bucks. Challenging work for married woman with Committee and organising experience, interested in social services. Owner-driver an advantage, able to undertake evening work. Conditions and application form from Gen. Sec., FPA, 64 Sloane St, Ldn, SW1.

EXPERIENCED Youth Leader, Harlow New Town, man or woman, 25/40, with administrative organising ability and gift for leading young people. Will work from rented premises prior to erection of building. Non-resident post. Accommodation available. Pension scheme. 6-weeks holiday. Burnham Scale. Apply Personnel, YWCA, 108 Baker St, W1.

PART-time Woman Classics Tutor required April, W1. Box 1142.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

TRADES Union Congress invites applications for appointment to the following posts: Production Department: Head of Department, and Assistant, for work on questions of industrial development, current production and management techniques and provision of training to workpeople's representatives in these subjects. Research and Economic Department: Assistant, for preparation of memoranda on economic, financial and social questions and compilation of statistical information. Organisation Department: Assistant, for work on question of industrial relations and TU organisation. Further particulars may be obtained from the General Secretary, TUC, 23-28 Great Russell St, London, WC1 before 20 March.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Welfare Officer, female. Salary £572 per annum, rising by annual increments to £806. Contributory pension scheme. Candidates without training but with suitable background and experience would be considered. Apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

ST DUNSTAN'S require capable lady for secretarial services to their Research Director. Good typing speed and some shorthand necessary. Apply in writing with full details including age and present salary to the Secretary, St Dunstan's, 191 Marylebone Road, London, NW1.

KODAK Ltd have a vacancy in their Advertising Department at Ruislip for a writer to specialise on the amateur cine side of the business. He will be expected to do some practical work on the production of 8 mm movies in order to be able to write in a well-informed manner on the subject. Age 20-30. Experience of 8 mm and/or 16 mm filming an advantage; more important writing ability and enthusiasm. Apply Personnel Dept (Sales & Distribution) Kodak Ltd, Harrow, Middx, enclosing evidence of writing ability.

CONSUMERS' Association is looking for University graduates as officers in charge of research on particular projects. The work requires a high degree of intelligence, great accuracy, attention to detail, without losing sight of the main objective, some ability to express specialist information in terms understandable by the layman, and the necessary initiative and character to overcome the difficulties which this type of work involves. A 2nd class Honours Degree is the minimum requirement but we have no preference between Arts and Sciences. We believe this appointment is more suitable for someone not just fresh from University but with a few years' experience outside. Salary £1,000 per annum upwards. Apply in writing only to Administration Officer, Consumers' Association Ltd, 14 Buckingham Street, WC2.

£750 p.a. and interesting senior position for woman (preferably graduate) in publicity company acting as advertisement representatives for University and other publications. The work is varied and there is no bureaucracy. Selling advertising space by letter and telephone call needs a creative mind and a good personality as well as an interest in current affairs. You can use your initiative and exploit your own ideas – and enjoy seeing the results. Apply to: Educational Publicity (Partners) Limited, 14-18 High Holborn, London, WC1.

WELFARE and Education Secretary required by World University Service. Graduates of not more than 3 years' standing seeking work of human and academic interest should apply at once for full details from WUS, 59 Gloucester Place, W1. Salary by arrangement.

ASSISTANT Solicitor required in busy London, WC, firm. Very interesting work including international law. Applicant must be hard working and able to conduct general work without supervision. Good prospects of partnership. Box 1094.

ENTERPRISING young woman, 18-25, prepared for really hard work and responsibility, wanted in expanding concern dealing with international hospitality. Excellent memory, sense of humour and some knowledge of typing and French essential. Other languages useful. Write: EFA, 1 New Burlington Street, London, W1.

BI-LINGUAL French/English translator-typist, male or female, required. Please write Miners' International Federation, 75 Blackfriars Road, SE1 stating age, knowledge other languages, etc.

COMPETENT, experienced free-lance Translators required in all languages. Own typewriter an advantage. Fullest details to Box 1249.

SHORTHAND/Typist, age 22/23, required for the British Film Institute's Central Booking Agency, salary on scale £9 10s./£10 1s., rising to maximum of £11 19s. Three weeks annual leave. Hours 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Five-day week. Apply Manager, Central Booking Agency, 4 Great Russell Street, London, WC1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of part-time shorthand-typist in the Liberal Studies Department. A responsible post involving, in addition to secretarial duties, reception and general PR work. 5 day week. Generous leave provisions. Remuneration according to age, on scale rising to maximum of 6s. 2d. per hour. Maximum commencing rate 5s. 9½d. per hour. Apply in writing to the Secretary, Chelsea College of Science and Technology, Manresa Road, SW3.

Invitation to

Persons with axes to grind or knives to sharpen
Good Cause (and doubtful) campaigners
Set-the-world righters
Men with Missions
Women with Minds of their own
Folk with Things to get off their chests....
All off-beaters, brow-beaters and breast-beaters

FRIDAY'S *your* day. EVERY Friday the Daily Herald sweeps its staff writers and regular contributors out of the 'AS I SEE IT' column and offers 25 guineas to any writer who has something really interesting to say on a topic that is new, unusual, eccentric or revolutionary. Only libel, obscenity and blasphemy are barred.

You need not be famous. But you will need to be able to hold the interest of the 2,912,000 men and 2,035,000 women Herald readers* with your 750 words. Your article will be read and weighed up for its wit, irreverence and sheer readability.

* IPA Survey, September 1959-June 1960

Contributions—

the quicker the better, please—to
'AS I SEE IT'
DAILY HERALD
Endell Street
London, W.C.2.

DAILY HERALD

The newspaper with new ideas

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

ADV. Rep. (free-lance/spare-time) wanted. Export magazines. Box 1188.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist required by Advertisement Director of large Publishing House. Five-day week, interesting and congenial position with good salary. Details of age, experience etc. to Box 1224.

SHORTHAND-typist/secretary required for small office of pioneer social service agency. Responsible work for worthwhile cause. 35 hour week. 3 weeks holiday. Salary according to exper. Apply: Family Service Units, 25 St Mary's Grove, N1.

ACTIVE Charity concerned overseas problems needs educated, experienced typist as assistant to secretary. £9 10s., additional for shorthand. 10-5, Mon.-Fri. Box 1234, or tel. VIC. 6065.

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

THE Long and the Short and the Tall – all are needed at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau for work as temporary shorthand/copy typists. 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages), HOL. 0390.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CANADIAN, 29, BA Hons Eng. & Phil., has lived in Haiti, the Hebrides, Northern Ontario, worked in Television film, Purchasing, CPR Express, wants afternoon work 5 or 6 day week, but any & all enquiries welcome. Box 738.

OXFORD grad. (f. 25, unsmooth) sks interesting/worthwhile job. Interests: Educ., lit., anything with print. Typing, library-admin. exp. Box 1132.

RETIRED teacher, exper. German Schol., French 'O' level, seeks interesting part-time work, private tuition. Box 1168.

CAPABLE North country-woman, 9 years present post Personnel Officer, seeks similar appointment or other interesting responsible job London. Previous hospital/secretarial experience. Fit, happy, adaptable, age 47. Box 1126.

AMERICAN (m. 29) BA, married, sks int. job. Ed. & journ. exp. Box 1274.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

NO other agent in Hampstead and NW London provides such extensive facilities at low cost as Personal Accommodation Services Ltd, who see every property, operate a call service and remove your baggage. 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027

LARGE room, 2 divans, suit students (m.). 30s. p.w. inc. (42s. single). All facils. Quiet house Wandsworth. Box 1144.

COMMON venture to buy house or flat in Hampstead. People willing to invest small capital, and get a room or two, please write to Box 1153.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

N1. Semi-basement b/sit. C.h., ckg facs, etc. 15 mins West End and City. 3 gns weekly. CAN. 7067.

WE have a house in Bayswater with four bedrooms, two reception, huge kitchen and back and front garden. Well-decorated – 2 girls req 3 or 5 more, 24/28, to share. £3 3s. p.w. BAY. 7871 after 6.30, or Miss Bennett, MAY. 9111, Ex. 136 working hours.

NW2. Well-furn. room in modern block. Cen. htg, h. & c., use k. & b. Pleasant home for quiet person. GLA. 5364.

BED-sitting room near Marble Arch. 4 gns. 'Phone AMB. 7475.

LGE bed-sit., concealed ckg facs, basin c.h.w., use bath, frig. Nr Tube, E. Finchley. £2 17s. 6d. HIG. 9444.

PROGRESSIVE prof. man (mid-20's) to share s/c. flat in W Hampstead with 2 others. Avail. end March. Own bed-sit., but must provide bedding. £3 7s. p.w. excl. htg. Write 93B Greencroft Gdns, NW6.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

MAIDA Vale: share of comf. flat (2 rooms) offered to prof. or bus. lady. 3 gns wk. Phone CUN. 1238 evngs or wkends.

SW19. Room, cheap rent for person willing to babysit. WIM. 0773.

HIGHGATE, excep. flat well-furn. & equip. b/sit., own kit., bathrm, all elec., use frig. 4 gns. Also 1-rm bach. flatlet well-furn. nr bus, 60s. inc. c.h.w., clng, el., use frig., bath. MOU. 5196 after 6.

HIGHGATE, N6. Newly dec. 2 bed-sits inter-com. Share kit. and bathroom one other. £5. MOU. 8725.

IMMEDIATE vacancy in large shared flat near Baker Street. AMB. 3980.

TWO males seek third, share flat, off Baker St. 3 gns weekly. Box 1243.

PLEAS. b/s. China, linen, ckg facs. 50s. p.w. Adcock, 14c Leigh Rd, N5.

OXFORD. Attract. cottage, comf., convenient. 3 bedrms, avail. 5 Apr.-15 May. Mod rent to careful tenants. Box 1232.

FARMHOUSE Rhoscolyn, Anglesey, June-Sept. Ouin, Willows, Bisley, Surrey.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

BACHELOR (30), graduate, offers share well-furnished Kensington flat with responsible man under 35. Box 1276.

ISLAND holiday. Furn. cottage, elect., gas, etc., to let on small private island. Whatley, Pabbay, Broadford, Skye.

4 or 5 weeks from 18 August, small country house 1½ miles Petersfield. 3 reception, 5 bedrms, all electric, large garden and woodland. Box 1226.

MOUSEHOLE, Cornwall. Furn. cottage, sleep four. April £4, May £5, June £8 weekly. Mackay, 18 Quay Street, Penzance. Tel. 3397.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

TEACHER (f.) seeks furn. flat or b/sit. & kit'ette early April, SW15 or NW3. (To 5 gns). Box 950 or MEA. 2869.

MOTHER with child 1 year, another due May, urg. needs accom. Wd do light hswk, ckg, baby-sit, for family. Box 1161.

WANTED: sparsely furn. flat for three. Under 10 gns. Ring HAM. 6954.

CEYLON student and wife require flat in North West London. Box 1169.

PARTLY furn. flat reqd by professional woman. NW area, reas. rent, 2 rms, kit/bthrm. Ground or gdn level. Box 1160.

UNIVERSITY graduate (f.), working on national newspaper, seeks large unfurnished room, North London, use bath & kitchen. About £3. RIV. 1528.

WANTED, small self-contained furnished flat from early April, London NW3, SW1, SW3, N6. Box 1179.

WEST African nurse (f.) urg. reqs flatlet Central London area. Box 1182.

CALIFORNIA teacher (f.) seeks room, board, March. Central area. Box 107.

ALMOST perfect tenants (2, female, youngish) require flatlet end March. Two rooms, kitchenette, bath; within 10 tube stations Fleet Street. Rent approx. 4-5 gns. Please write Box 1157.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating. Bills/Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

DUPLICATING, shorthand, typing, translating. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, London, N11. ENTerprise 3324.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809.

APOLLO Agency: typewriting, duplicating. 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

ACCURATE, expert service. Marjorie Vernon, 34 Newman St, W1. LAN. 0740.

OUR Service – any job at any time. Duplicating, Typing, Translns, all secretarial work, 24 hr service. Personal attn. Isle Agency, 76c Rochester Row, SW1. VIC. 7333.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

ACCURATE professional typewriting, highly recommended by famous authors & publishers. Novels, plays, poetry, theses etc. Revision/editing. Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

MANUSCRIPTS typed. Pat Johnson, 12 Bournemouth Rd, SW19. MOU. 6136.

DUPLCTG/Typg MSS. Mod chgs. Mary Wallis, 13 Sudbury Rd, Halstead, Ex.

TRANSLNS: French, Danish, Norwegian to English; econ., polit. & lit. Mod. chges. Write Tudor, 15 Regent Sq., WC1.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

PARENTS requiring detailed and up-to-date information on schools and careers for boys should consult 'The Public and Preparatory Schools Year Book 1961'. This is the official reference book of the Headmasters' Conference and of the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, and is obtainable from A. & C. Black Ltd, 4 Soho Square, London, W1, and all booksellers. 25s. net (26s. 9d. including postage).

FOOD AND DRINK

GREEK Restaur., White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUS. 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

REMOVALS & EXPORT PACKING

PACKING, Shipping and Household Removals. Estimates free. Bonners, Welling, Kent. Dial BEXleyheath 5751.

PERSONAL

YOUNG mother (20) with 5 month baby boy requires home within reach North London where child can be cared for while mother at work. Aftercare Department, National Children's Home, Highbury, N5.

SPANISH & Portuguese. Tuition by Ph.D. Pereira, PRI. 9302, 8-10 p.m.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

PERSONAL—continued

The Mail Order Discount House supplies top-quality SHEETS, BLANKETS, TOWELS, etc., fully guaranteed, branded names, at most attractive prices e.g. Sheets usually 45s. 6d. per pair, only 36s. 9d. Blankets, 100% Wool, usually 81s. 3d. each, only 69s. 3d. Satisfaction assured. Details from

THORNBER TEXTILES
(NS) 7 Hargreaves St, BURNLEY.

DO YOU HAVE OFFICE WORK AT HOME?
THE NEW NORWEGIAN 'MINIATURE OFFICE',
an elegantly fitted cabinet for the executive, provides the complete solution.
Literature from Badenia Calculators Ltd, Lion House, Red Lion St, WC1. HOLborn 7744.

LAST Week and your last opportunity to see Kelis and Lindisfarne, 'One of the greatest experiences in art'. See Exhibitions column.

WILL anyone give a home to David a six-year-old boy during his school-holidays? He is attractive, but very backward. As he has had no-one to give him the affection he needs, he wants plenty of attention. Can anyone help? Please write to the Area Children's Officer, (NDO/N/536/3), Gem House, Backchurch Lane, E1.

PERSONABLE but kind lady, 31-45, and on her own, is urgently needed by bachelor to help care for his mother and share in housekeeping. Preferably some nursing experience. Would live as one of family. Comfortable bedroom, all home facilities and full board provided. Housekeeper comes daily. Would suit woman with part-time job or small income. Salary by arrangement. NW London. COLindale 6146.

YOUNG Professional People invited to opening meeting of William Temple Association, Anglican graduate society, at 7.30 p.m. on Tues. 7 March at Liddon House, London diocesan centre for instruction, personal help, retreats, discussion groups, social contacts. Branches elsewhere. Send for literature. 24 Sth Audley St, W1.

PRETTY nut-brown kitten wishes nice home with pussy-lover. CHA. 3582 evenings. Revell, 10 Great Ormond St, WC1.

YOUNG female Art Student wishes to join or form small group to tour Italy cheaply, August-Sept. Tel. MOU. 9684.

HOME offered couple or girl with/without child, return help 2 children (not normally evng, wkends). Young, easy, friendly household. Streatham. Box 1023.

WRITERS: Quiet seaside cottage lent to 2 or 3 for 1 or 2 mths: bet. 27 May & 22 July. 2 sponsors reqd. Box 1127.

WINDSOR wheelback chairs with tail-piece. Solid elm and beech. Beautifully hand polished. 57s. 6d. Armchairs 87s. 6d. carriage paid. Styles, 9a Desborough Park Road, High Wycombe, Bucks.

ROSAS, Costa Brava, pleas. s/c. flat, sleep 4-5, mod. rent. Box 1130.

BRITISH or foreign girl student wanted April to live 'au pair' with university family in St Andrews, Scotland. Two children. Write: Mrs Kuper, 304 S. Grove Street, Urbana, Illinois, USA.

COTTAGE, 5-rms, furn., isolated position Severn Estuary and £8 p.w. offered 1 May to 31 Aug. for part-time work salmon fishery. Drive Land Rover essential. Suit someone wanting to study/write/paint who enjoys fairly tough country pursuits. Park Estate Office, Pontypool, Mon.

HOLIDAY accommodation for 2 people, self-contained, mod. san. H. & c. All-electric. 150 yds sea. Vacant now to 20 May. 4 gns p.w. After 16 Sept. for winter reduced rate. Pollard, 'Homestead', Gorran Haven, St Austell, Cornwall.

SUFFOLK. Country House Hotel (approx. 30 guests) in spacious surroundings, high standard food and comfort, seeks enquiries Conferences, Study Groups. 90 miles London, utterly peaceful. Box 1194.

I HOPE you will give the same welcome to the London-printed 'Guardian' as I shall. Anthony Panting, photographer, 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8.

PIANO wanted by pianist, good make, upright pref. PRI. 5584.

PAINTING holidays. April-September, attractive coast. Frederick Könekamp, ably assisted, gives private individual tuition, beginners and advanced. Free expression. No uniformity. Details: Cotllwyd, nr Newport, Pembrokeshire.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

SOME people oppose civil liberties – Our windows smashed again last week. Will you support us? Members £1 p.a. National Council for Civil Liberties, 293 New Kings Road, London, SW6.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd. SW3 Sloane Sq KEN 7201. Club attached

THE Linguists' Club. London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

SHORT Story Writing for Profit. The ideal hobby. Interesting prospectus free. The Regent Institute (S/191), Palace Gate, W8.

PERSONAL—continued

INFORMAL Music Group. Players invited for quartets, etc. Please telephone HAMpstead 8109 after 4 p.m. or weekends.

ENJOY boats afloat and cabins ashore at Haven Sailors. Perfect sailing, lovely surrndgs. Tuition if regd. Brochure from Anchorage, Burton, Milford Haven, Pembs.

STAMMERING. Entirely new Therapy eradicates stammering 15/20 days. Accom. nr clinic. Fee conditional on successful treatment. Wm C. Kerr, MA, Speech Specialist, St Ouen, Jersey. Central 20957.

DIRECT Action Against Polaris – canoeing practice for volunteers attempting to board Polaris submarines and depot ship, 11, 12 & 13 March. For details contact The Direct Action Committee, 344 Seven Sisters Road, N4. STA. 7062.

LAND Value Rating would cut average domestic rate demand, check speculation and cheapen land, promote development, safeguard Green Belts, reduce house rents and prices and collect part of the socially-created fund which belongs to the community. Details: Rating Reform Campaign, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, Ldn. SW1.

AUTHORS under 30. Transatlantic Review's short story competition closes 1 March. First prize £50. Transatlantic No. 5, on sale at most booksellers; contributors include Gregory Corso, Leslie Fiedler, Martin Green, V. S. Pritchett, Arnold Wesker, etc. MSS and subs to Flat One, 33, Ennismore Gardens, London, SW7.

DOMESTICS Unlimited (ACY) for reliable cleaners & babysitters. CUN 0461.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury, N1: Tavistock Repertory Company (London). Experienced actors and stage crews needed to meet an expanding programme of interesting plays. All non-professional. Auditions held monthly; apply Members' Secretary for Company details.

AUTHORSHIP. Success is assured if you learn the Scientific System. Free booklet, 'The Professional Touch' – Dept C.20, British Institute of Fiction-Writing Science, Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, Lond. EC4.

'EN FAMILLE' Holidays in Austria, France, Germany, Italy, etc. Why not let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family or join one of the special Groups visiting our International Host Family Centre? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illus. brochure: EFA, 1 New Burlington Street, Regent St, W1. (REGent 8866).

DOES your London garden need grooming? Gardens, courtyards, roof gardens and window boxes designed, constructed and maintained by The Garden Shop, 313 Brompton Road, SW3. (KNI. 3825).

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St, Harley St, London, W1. Phone MUSeum 8923 also at Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

MICRO-Corneal Lenses, W. S. Walters, FSMC, FACLP, M. Hillel, FSMC, MRSH, FACLP, Commonwealth House, 5 New Oxford St, WC1. HOL. 2092.

4¾% Interest (Tax paid by The New Homes Building Soc, E. Twickenham). Invest in a Society devoted only to assist owner-occupiers. Chair: A. Marlowe, MP.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus., Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAY. 6093.

MRS P. Perlow, psychologist, 89 Somerton Rd, Cricklewood, NW2. GLA. 2400

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(N) Endsleigh Court, WC1. Booklet sent.

HUMANISTS accept the brotherhood of all men, reject the idea of the supernatural; work for better human conditions. Write Ethical Union (Pres. Sir Julian Huxley), 13 Prince of Wales Ter., W8.

7% Paid on Deposit Accounts. Details from Theo. Garvin Limited, Member of the Industrial Bankers' Association, 2 Dowsett Avenue, Southend-on-Sea.

IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers. Letterheads to books. The Blado Press, 171 Strand. Surrey St, WC2. TEM. 2545.

CHILDREN'S Residential Nursery. Est. 25 years. Mrs Ayris, Clements Hall, Hockley, Essex.

WE write speeches, sales literature, articles, books, copy. Box 276.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

WRITE for Profit with the Premier School of Journalism Ltd, (founded 1919), 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. If you haven't earned your fees by the time you've finished the course, you get your money back. Write to Dept 7 for free copy of 'You In Print' and details of Special Guarantee. Free market service available to students.

LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.368

RUDOLF Steiner Centenary Celebrations, 27 February-17 March. An Exhibition, a Programme of eight Lectures (Admission free) and two Eurythmy Performances (tickets 7s. 6d. and 5s.) will mark the three weeks' Rudolf Steiner Centenary Celebrations. All enquiries and tickets from the Rudolf Steiner Bookshop, 35 Park Road, NW1. (PAD. 4400).

FRED Hoyle speaks on the Social Responsibility of Scientists to a Left Scientists Group Open Meeting, Friends House, Euston Road, Monday 6 March, 7.15 p.m.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 5 Mar. Royston Pike, JP, The Mind of Eden Phillpotts. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 7 Mar. White Britons & Coloured Immigrants, Mrs Judith Henderson. Discussion.

DAILY Worker 31st Birthday Rally, Sun. 5 March, 2.45 p.m., Royal Albert Hall. George Matthews, John Gollan, Dean of Canterbury; Paul Robeson, Bela Roudenko (People's Artist, USSR). Gallery only, 1s. Limited seats. Tickets from Hall on the day.

SCENES from American History – A Nation Sets Its Course, third in a series of weekly film showings, American Embassy theatre, Upper Brook St entrance, Thursday, 9 March, 6.30 p.m. and 7.45 p.m. Adm free.

AW Shucks! Some American Humour . . . New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern Street, London, W1. Wed. 8 March, at 8 p.m.

'SOVIET Clinical Psychiatry'. Discussion, questions. V. Y. Avrutsky (Moscow), Dr Philip Hopkins, Dr B. H. Kirman. 9 March, 8 p.m. SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8. Adm. 2s.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Special Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, Wed., 8 Mar., 6.30 p.m. 'The Fruits of Buddhism'. Speakers: Miss P. T. N. Kennett; Mr T. Harris; Mr M. O'C. Walshe. Also Sat., 11 Mar., at 3 p.m. Children's Class. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enquiries TAT. 1313.

DORIS Grant & others speaking at a Weekend Conference at Reculver Lodge, Beltinge, Herne Bay, 10-12 March. Details Sec. (NS), 13 Oldbury Place, W1 WEL 2787

'FRIENDS and the Inner Light', Speaker: Maurice A. Creasey. Sunday 5 March, 6.30 p.m., Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1.

'A JEWISH Pacifist in Israel', 7.45 Mon. 6 March, 16 Westbourne Park Rd, W2. Myrtle Solomon, Peace Pledge Union.

NON-Conforming Cultures: K. Bowden (Social Psychologist) and Dr W. Allichin (Psychiatrist), Fri., 10 Mar., 7.30, at Friends Intern. Centre, 32 Tavistock Sq. Adm. 2s., Sociology Group, Progressive League. For partics of other League Meetings in March send s.a.e. to Lobstein, Jordans, Bucks.

IWC Public Lecture. Free. Herbert Bluen: 'Eccentricity'. 8.30. Fri. 10 March. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

'SLEEP – Dreams – Death'. Public lect. 5 Mar., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, London, N10: Swami Ghanananda: Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Thurs. 9 Mar., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn, 'The Plan and Purpose of Cosmic Evolution'.

ADLERIAN Society. 'Sexual Problems in Marriage'. Guest speaker, Dr Philip Bloom. Tues. 7 March, 7.30 p.m. punctually, Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1. Non-members welcome, 2s. 6d. Students 1s.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Sq., SW1. Lecture by Dn J. Herrero on 'La noche oscura en San Juan', 10 Mar., 6 p.m.

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